

# THE CHURCH MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## THE CLERGY AND THEIR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.

A writer in a late number of *The New York Evangelist* asks some questions which though addressed to Presbyterians, commend themselves to the solemn and conscientious consideration of all Christians :

1. Was it provided by divine authority that the temporal support of the Levitical Priesthood should continue through life, as well *after* active service as *before* ?

2. Was it also provided that after the death of such ministers their needy families should be liberally sustained ?

3. Is there any evidence that under the Gospel such divine appointment has been lowered or set aside ?

4. On the contrary, does not the language of our Saviour and His apostles plainly teach that the same great principle continues ? Are we not expressly told that "the Lord hath so ordained that they who preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel" ?

5. If these questions must be answered in the affirmative, how is it that the great Presbyterian Church in these United States can be willing that any of her faithful ministers or their families should lack for comfortable support ? How comes it to pass that men who have toiled earnestly twenty, thirty, forty and even fifty years in the service of Christ and the Church, are left in time of sickness and disability to suffer doubly for lack of material support ? And how is it that, when hard-working laborers have been taken suddenly away from their fields of usefulness, their widows and orphans have so often been left to indigence and suffering ?

6. Must not every one decide that this is a grievous wrong which ought to be promptly corrected ?

Yes, here is the duty of the *Church*, unquestionably. A man longs to serve his Lord in the work of saving souls. The Church takes his pledge to devote himself to the task, making him promise to obey her orders, and renounce secular pursuits, that he may give himself wholly to the calling. The Church then sends him out, without purse or scrip of her providing, generally bidding him find work for himself, but never insuring him a livelihood, or pledging him support, much less promising to take care of his widow and orphans. Strange it is that this should be, when these are in Scripture set forth as the special objects of God's pitying care and love, and special blessings are promised to those who remember and minister to them.

It was not so under the Old Dispensation, and we may be very sure that such is not the mind of Christ under the New. Our own branch of the Church is certainly negligent of her duty in this respect, as in others. The utmost she has to show, is, in most of the dioceses, a scanty provision for the infirm and disabled clergy, and in a very few, for the widows and orphans.

But we will not discuss that subject now. Let us trust that in a not very remote future there will be an awakening to duty in this respect. We must accept the case as it stands. There is a bounden duty left undone. What the Church in her corporate

capacity has neglected, is still binding; and if done at all, it must be by individuals or by associations within the Church. Every person who appreciates the force of the inquiries of *The Evangelist* correspondent, may have, through some of the associations already in existence, an opportunity of doing his own share of what is plainly the duty of the Church in some form.

What we have to say upon this subject is without consultation with, or the knowledge of, any member of any association. But we are impressed with the conviction that there are means within our reach of remedying the great neglect complained of. Not only so, but this great wrong cannot *continue* without a gross and most culpable disregard of the dictates of humanity, to say nothing of the precepts of Christian obligation.

There are several associations for clerical relief in the Church, to which some of our remarks may apply. But we will select from among them one, as being that with which the greater number of our readers are acquainted. We will consider it with reference to the six questions of the writer in *The Evangelist*.

Let us suppose, upon the death of a clergyman, a capitalist to address a letter to some of the clerical brethren of the deceased, asking each one for a *loan* of two dollars, guaranteeing that upon their death the money shall be refunded to their heirs. Here is a case which appeals directly to the compassion of any one who has a heart that can be touched by the sorrows of the most helpless and deserving of all forms of charity—the widow and the fatherless.

Nor are they the bereaved members of a strange household. It is easy to picture the case. Some cler-

gyman, perhaps scholarly and cultured, with sufficient talent to earn abundance in a secular calling, foregoes honor and wealth for the sake of serving his Master. He has, perhaps, in silence suffered disappointment, ingratitude, coldness, and want; and dying, leaves a loved household destitute. Is there a clergyman who, with such a spectacle before his eyes—even if unable to give—could not in some way contrive to loan the sum of two dollars, even if the demand were to come several times a year?

Now here is what does occur, over and over again, every year. And such cases are provided for by the members of the Clergyman's Mutual Insurance League. It is not a question of practicability; it is done.

We have not yet touched the subject of Insurance. It is admitted on all hands, by all who will bestow a moment's thought upon the subject, that provision should be made for the heirs of those who, for the sake of doing Christ's work, cut themselves off from all possibility of providing for their own in ordinary secular pursuits. Here is a practical mode of meeting the case, by the clergy themselves making a small loan. And if the clergy are too poor even to do this, there are certainly laymen who, either as individuals or as members of a congregation, would not hesitate to come forward and supply the want.

But if the great evil complained of may be met, partially at least, without life insurance, we have but to add that feature to place the object within easy reach. Nor does the addition of life insurance remove the object from the category of Christian duty to that of mere worldly prudence. He who, while aiding the widow and orphan, also secures a provision for



those whom he may leave at his death, does a double duty. "If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel"; which is as much as to say that he is not only un-Christian, but inhuman.

To illustrate one point, we have supposed a capitalist to receive a loan, and return it upon the death of the investor. But in the Clerical Mutual Insurance League, or any other of the kind which may be formed—and there should be many of them—there is something more than a loan. The contributor has reasonable assurance that upon his death his heirs will receive one thousand dollars, or more, according to the number of members. To provide for cases where the clergy are too poor to pay their dues, their parishes, or individual laymen, may supply the means.

But what member of the League has ever paid out one thousand dollars, or has any likelihood of doing so before he dies? And even should his assessments reach the sum returnable at his death, the League is then, to his family, simply a savings bank. What has been loaned is returned.

We have said that there should be many of such Leagues. There is one which has for years been doing a good work—the Clerical Mutual Association, the head office of which is in Chicago. Its membership is among the clerical profession, without regard to ecclesiastical connection. From its annual statement, just received, we select a fact in illustration of the benefit such an institution is to the families of deceased clergymen. The late Rev. Hugh Roy Scott, well known and beloved in the Church, was a member of the Cleri-

cal Mutual Association. We well know how heavily, during the last years of his life, the burden of his assessments fell upon him. But they came year after year, and in some way they were met, until the time of his death, when they reached \$271. This was the largest sum paid by either of the four members who died during the year. Mr. Scott's heirs received \$3,046. We have no doubt that an examination of the books of our own Clergyman's Mutual Insurance League, would show, in the majority of cases, a like disproportion between dues paid and moneys received.

We are perfectly well aware that the measures we have been considering are not examples of the *Church* providing for her own. That is realized in the Russo-Greek Church, where one entering her ministry is sure of work, of a maintenance, of a pension in old age, support for his widow, and the education of his orphan children. Until our Church reaches this position, we must make available what means we have—individual and associated effort. We have shown that the securing of the relief required is not only possible, but is actually, to some extent, realized. There is needed simply attention to the subject on the part of the clergy, and coöperation on the part of the laity, to secure a general performance of one part of "pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father—to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction."

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Living always in the world makes one as unfit for living out of it, as always living out of it does for living in it.—*Walpole*.

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It is a fine thing in friendship to know when to be silent.—*Geo. MacDonald*.

## A FEW PAGES FROM PRIMITIVE CHURCH HISTORY.

Christianity, in the early days of its history, made most extraordinary progress. This was accomplished in the face of the opposition of learning, eloquence, entreaty, threats, violence, and persecution. No means were left untried, and no earthly power or inducement that could be brought to bear to crush the infant Church, was neglected. Still it grew with such amazing rapidity as to astonish and confound its adversaries. What was the explanation? It may be given in one sentence—the holy lives of the first Christians. This answered the arguments of adversaries, and won over even its most bitter persecutors.

We often sigh over the slow progress of the missionary work in foreign lands, and the presence of unconverted thousands in Christian communities. When modern Christianity can present the argument which was so powerful in early days, the problem of the conversion of the world will be solved. When Christians “by well-doing put to silence the ignorance of foolish men,” and ships from Christian lands bear to heathen shores those who will be marked by their integrity, their purity, their reverence and gentleness as the legitimate results of the faith they profess, the complete triumph of Christianity will not be far off.

The theme is one suitable for Lenten meditation. As a help thereto, we present the following extract from Dr. Uhlhorn’s late work “Conflict of Christianity with Heathenism”:

And what testimony to the truth of Christianity was given by the conduct of its professors. “Among us,” pleads Athenagoras, addressing the heathen, “you can find uneducated persons, artisans, and old women, who if they are unable in words to prove the benefit of the Christian doctrine, yet by their deeds exhibit the benefit

arising from their choice.” Times without number the defenders of Christianity appeal to the great and advantageous change wrought by the Gospel in all who embraced it, and continually set forth the contrast between the lives of men before and after conversion, to which St. Paul often refers in his Epistles. “We who formerly delighted in fornication,” says Justin Martyr in his First Apology, “now strive for purity. We who used magical arts, have dedicated ourselves to the good and eternal God. We who loved the acquisition of wealth more than all else, now bring what we have into a common stock, and give to every one in need. We who hated and destroyed one another, and on account of their different manners would not receive into our houses men of a different tribe, now since the coming of Christ, live familiarly with them. We pray for our enemies, we endeavor to persuade those who hate us unjustly to live conformably to the beautiful precepts of Christ, to the end that they may become partakers with us of the same joyful hope of a reward from God, the Ruler of all.”

This distinction between Christians and heathen, this consciousness of a complete change in character and life, is no where more beautifully described than in the noble epistle of an unknown author to Diognetus. “For Christians,” it says, “are distinguished from other men neither by country, nor language, nor the customs which they observe; for they neither inhabit cities of their own, nor employ a peculiar form of speech, nor lead a singular life.” And yet they are wholly different from the heathen. “They dwell in their own countries, but simply as sojourners. As citizens they share in all things with others, and yet endure all things as if they were foreigners. They marry as do all, and have children, but they destroy none of their offspring. They have a table common, but not unclean. They are in the flesh, but they do not live after the flesh. They pass their days on earth, but they are citizens of heaven. They obey the prescribed laws, and at the same time surpass the laws by their lives.



They love all, and are persecuted by all; they are unknown and are condemned; they are put to death and yet live; they are poor, yet make many rich; they are in want of all things, yet abound in all; they are dishonored, and yet in their very dishonor are glorified; they are reviled, and blessed; they are insulted, and repay the insult with honor; they do good, yet are punished as evil-doers; when punished they rejoice. They are assailed by the Jews as foreigners, and are persecuted by the Greeks, yet those who hate them are unable to assign any reason for their hatred."

With confidence can Tertullian appeal to the transactions of the courts, in which no crime had ever been proved against Christians but that of their faith. "Daily," he addresses the heathen, "you are presiding at the trials of prisoners, and passing sentence upon crimes. In your long lists of those accused of many and various atrocities, what assassin, what cut-purse, what plunderer of bathers' clothes is also entered as being a Christian? Or, when Christians are brought before you on the mere ground of their name, who among them is ever chargeable with such offences? It is always with your folk the prison is steaming, the mines are sighing, the wild beasts are fed; it is from you the exhibitors of gladiatorial shows always get their herds of criminals to feed up for the occasion. You find no Christian there, except for being such." Even the heathen themselves could not escape from this impression. The influence of Christian faith upon life and conduct was so powerful that heathen hatred itself could not but acknowledge it. Galen, the celebrated physician, certainly a cool observer and an unimpeachable witness, says that most men must be taught by similes. In this way those who were called Christians had derived their faith from the parables of their Master. Yet they acted often as those who followed the true philosophy: "We are witnesses that they have learned to despise death, and that for shame they keep themselves from carnal pleasures. Among them are men and women who abstain from marriage; some, too, who in their en-

deavors to rule their spirits, and to live nobly, have made such progress that they come short in no respect of true philosophers."

Christianity as yet presented none of the external advantages which afterwards brought into the Church so many spurious members. Instead of power, honor and wealth, it offered reproach, derision and constant peril. Nor did custom and tradition yet incline men to the mere outward profession of Christianity. Whoever adopted the new faith did so from personal conviction, and with the heart. Such an act was itself a sacrifice; for whoever became a Christian was compelled to renounce not only immemorial prejudices, but usually, also father and mother, brothers and sisters, friends and relatives, perhaps office, place and employment. The turning-point between the pre-Christian and the Christian life stood out with great distinctness. It is characteristic of a period of conflict that sudden conversions are more frequent than at other times, that the marvel inherent in every conversion becomes more evident, and so to speak more palpable. Not infrequently did it happen that the execution of a Christian occasioned the immediate conversion of some among the guards, soldiers, executioners and spectators. According to credible testimonies, yet more striking changes occurred. Under Diocletian, an actor in Rome (Genesius) appeared in a play in which the Christians were ridiculed. He performed his part without hesitation and to the delight of the people, until the moment when he was to ask for baptism. Seized by an irresistible power he suddenly stood still and silent, and then explained to the astonished audience, that he himself desired to become a Christian. Upon this he left the stage, received baptism, and soon sealed his faith with a martyr's death.

A calm and sacred earnestness pervaded the entire life of Christians. Knowing that Christ's followers are the salt of the earth, and the light of the world, they endeavored to fulfil their calling. Their eyes turned to the future, to the Lord who had promised to come again, and in expectation of His speedy appearance they followed with zeal after that



holiness without which no one shall stand before Him. Their life was a military service, under Christ their Captain. To Him they had taken in baptism the soldier's oath; and for Him they had renounced the devil, and all his works and ways. Their standard was the Cross; their watchword the confession of faith; their weapon, with which they stood on the watch night and day, and kept station and vigil, was prayer. "Let us never walk unarmed," exhorts Tertullian; "by day let us remember our station, by night our watch. Under the arms of prayer let us guard the standard of our Commander; praying let us await the angel's trump. Fasts also were frequently and strictly observed. Fasting was regarded as a specially important means of proving the earnestness of the Christian life, and of confirming one's self in it, but it was voluntary, not prescribed. The fast in Easter-week, however, early became obligatory. Baptism also, was prepared for by fasting.

The Christian life was always uniform. "Nowhere," says Tertullian, whom we have just quoted, "is the Christian any thing but a Christian." Not merely at church, but at home also, in their vocations and on the street, Christians desired to appear as Christians. They guarded with the greatest care against any connection with Heathenism; they avoided with the utmost conscientiousness every thing which could in any way be construed as a denial of their faith. Difficult indeed must have been the task, for their entire life was encompassed by a net-work of heathen customs which a Christian must every moment rend, if he would remain true to his God. Every step and turn necessitated a confession of faith, and every confession involved danger. The symbols, and still more the spirit of Heathenism were everywhere. If a Christian went upon the street, he saw the images of the gods standing there, and met processions in which they were solemnly carried about. All who passed by paid their homage; the Christian could not do this. If he entered the Senate, or a court of justice, there stood an altar with incense and wine. Custom required one in passing to offer a liba-

tion, and strew incense. If he stepped into a tavern, or stall, or shop to make a purchase or leave an order, he always found an altar and little idols, often no longer than the thumb. Or perhaps he was invited by heathen friends, or relatives, to a family festival. If he did not go, he gave offence; if he went, he still could not but incur their displeasure by declining to participate in the festal sacrifices and in the libations which were offered from beginning to end of the meal, especially to the Cæsar-god, and by refusing to partake of this or that article of food. Frequently on such occasions the heathen purposely tempted the Christians, by setting before them food prepared with blood, from which, according to Acts xv. 29, they were accustomed to abstain. In such circumstances Christians esteemed it all the more their duty openly to acknowledge their faith. Not only custom and usage, but language also was thoroughly imbued with heathenism. The formulas of the oath, depositions, testimony before a tribunal, greetings and thanksgivings, all contained remembrances of the heathen gods. By Hercules! this and similar exclamations were often heard. The Christian must refrain from these, must at least protest by silence. He might give alms to a beggar on the street. Naturally, in gratitude, the recipient would wish for his benefactor the blessing of some god. Christians who were strict in their deportment believed that it was not permitted them, in such a case, to remain silent, lest it should seem as if they accepted the blessing of an idol; they considered it incumbent upon them openly to avow that their charity had been given for the sake of the living God, and that He might be praised therefor. If a Christian had occasion to borrow money, the note which he must sign would contain an oath by the heathen gods. He could only refuse to execute the note.

Many special relations of life brought the Christians into still more difficult situations. A master would order a Christian slave to do something wholly unobjectionable from a heathen point of view, but sinful according to a Christian standard, and yet the slave was completely in the



power of his master, who could have him, if disobedient, tortured and even killed. How should the Christian wife, who had a heathen husband, fulfil her Christian obligations, attend divine worship, visit the sick, entertain strangers, distribute alms, without offending her husband? How could the officer, or the soldier perform his duties without denying his faith? For long the two callings were deemed incompatible, and the officer preferred to resign his position, the soldier to leave the ranks, rather than to give up his Christian profession. Those who could not do this, were often obliged to purchase fidelity to their Lord with their blood. Many a person also, in order to become and to remain a Christian must have relinquished the trade or the employment which procured him a livelihood. All who had obtained a support by the heathen cultus, servants and laborers in the temples, idol-makers, sellers of incense, as well as actors, fencing-masters in the gladiatorial schools, etc., were admitted by the Church to baptism only on condition that they should abandon their occupations, and whoever as a Christian engaged in such employment was excluded from fellowship.

Generally the churches maintained

a strict discipline. The morals and conduct of church members were carefully watched over, and their faults earnestly reprov'd. Those who fell into gross sins, the so-called mortal sins,—idolatry, blasphemy, adultery, impurity, murder, fraud, false testimony,—were separated from the church. Only after a long probation, and after evidence of earnest repentance, could such offenders be re-admitted. And this restoration, in accordance with earlier usage, was possible but once. Whoever fell away a second time, could not again be taken back. Thus by strict discipline the Church endeavored to keep itself free from impure elements, and at the same time to offer support to the weak. In spite of such effort it was not wholly free from corruption, and no little weakness comes to light. The primitive Church was not a perfect communion of saints, but like the Church of all other times, a field in which the wheat and the tares grew together. Yet notwithstanding these defects, the Christian churches stood like far-shining lights in the midst of darkness, and proved themselves by their life and conduct new powers of life, powers of the world to come, capable of renewing from within the old and decaying world.

## EVENINGS WITH MY PARISHIONERS.

### CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTORY.

[In the Autumn of 1874 there was begun in *The Church Journal* a series of articles under the above heading. The course, which had reached six chapters, was interrupted by the publication of the proceedings of the General Convention, then in session, and for some reason was never resumed. Much interest was at the time expressed in the series, as presenting both sides of subjects discussed, thus meeting popular objections, as well as bringing the truths considered to the comprehension of any person of ordinary intelligence. As this falls in with the main object in view in publishing *THE CHURCH MONTHLY*, the author consents to the reprinting of the chapters which have already appeared, and hopes to complete the series.—Ed. C. M. M.]

In a ministry of a quarter of a century, it has been my aim to be thoroughly practical in my teaching. I supposed that I was so. Adopting the motto so to write not merely that I could be understood by all, but that I could not be misunderstood by any, I was congratulating myself that I was giving my people the whole round of Christian doctrine in such a plain, simple, interesting manner, as to train a congregation which should be distinguished for its intelligence, and for its thorough acquaintance with all the distinctive features of the faith and the Church.

But I must confess that whenever I

had occasion to test my success in this department, I was very much disappointed and mortified. It was astonishing to me to find after all my labored efforts to be simple and avoid abstruse phrases and technical terms, and all professional ways of stating things, that many whom I had regarded as really intelligent, were most obtuse in their perception of some of the most common and familiar topics I had been presenting to them.

We are not apt to blame ourselves for our failures. We like to attribute them to others, if we can. Aware of this propensity of human nature, I resolved to be candid; to examine my productions impartially, and if I found myself to be at fault, to acknowledge it. I will not here detail my investigations, for before I had finished them, my eyes were opened in an unexpected manner.

I had been catechising the children one Sunday afternoon. One of my flock who had always been an attentive listener on Sundays, and whom I regarded as a very intelligent man, and constantly improving under the method of preaching which I had adopted, remained after the service. After conversing of the matter in reference to which he had desired to see me, he spoke in very complimentary terms of the catechetical exercises, and added that he had never understood the particular point which had been the subject of my remarks, until this very afternoon.

I could not withhold my unfeigned astonishment. And to my expression of surprise I added that the very subject of which he was speaking had frequently been the theme of my discourses in the pulpit; and I recalled to his mind the very sermon which I had labored to make as lucid as possible.

'Yes,' said he, with an arch smile,

'but then you know that was a sermon.'

I was not a little annoyed at this, and I think he saw it; for he quickly turned and said

'Now my dear Rector, I do not wish you to think that I do not appreciate your sermons. You have no greater admirer in the congregation than myself; and that is saying much.'

I supposed he thought that that would heal the wound; but I made no reply, and he continued:

'But I wish to say that I am indebted for most if not all my knowledge of Church doctrine, not to your sermons, but to these very catechetical exercises which we have once a month, and which I never fail to attend.'

If I was astonished before, what was I now? Could it be possible?—I asked myself. Are not these degenerate days? Can it be that the laity are so stupid? Must I then turn Peter Parley and dilute the high doctrines of the Gospel and the verities of the Church down to mere prattle?

I presume that I looked all these questions in my face.

'I trust you will excuse me if I say'—he need not have apologized, for I was now prepared for anything—'that you of the clergy make one mistake.'

I was now thoroughly aroused. Here, perhaps, was the very thing which I had so long endeavored to discover.

'You forget,' he continued, 'that we are not all educated men, and particularly that we are not all theologians. The large majority of your congregation have received nothing beyond what is called a business education. We are taken from school at the age of from fourteen to sixteen. We are then set to learn the practical



part of that business which we expect to follow through life. Those of us who study at all after this, do so in the few leisure hours we may have; but our education for the most part is derived from intercourse with men and from the newspapers. Now when you talk to the children, you know that they are utterly ignorant, they need explanation and illustration in the simplest matters. But when you preach to us, you forget that there are some of these very simple and rudimentary truths—things about which we would no doubt be ashamed to confess our ignorance—but of which really we know no more than the children.'

The truth flashed upon me now, and I thought how wise were the good old ways of the Church, and how unwise the ways of these latter times in suffering catechising 'openly in the church,' as a regular and unvarying practice, to fall into almost total disuse. For had the class of laymen whom my friend represents been reared under a thorough system of catechising, he would not now talk about being ignorant of the rudiments, and these sermons of mine might be indeed as edifying as I was laboring to make them.

But all this could not remedy present defects. What was to be done for the present emergency? After mature deliberation, I concluded to institute a series of evening conversations with my parishioners. My desire was so to conduct them as to bring to light any real difficulties my people might have in regard to any matter of doctrine; to ascertain what were the points on which they most needed information, and in the simple and familiar form of conversation impart to them the instruction they required. Those evenings were always pleasant to me; for I felt that I was, in a

measure at least, attaining the object for which they were originated.

But the result exceeded my most sanguine expectations. For I soon found that even here many persons would be backward in asking questions and expressing opinions. It was not long, therefore, before I found these meetings leading to other 'evenings with my parishioners.' Members of my flock would come singly or in pairs to my study; or they would meet me in the street and ask questions or suggest difficulties in reference to the subject of the last conversation; or in making my parochial calls, I would find inquirers and eager listeners.

I propose to give sketches of these evening conversations. And if sometimes they seem trite, and treating of themes which have already been discussed time and again, I can only say that this may be said of every truth of Christian doctrine. I intend to give nothing new, but there may be readers as well as parishioners who will be glad to have instruction in the common and rudimentary parts of the faith. And if I am not very much mistaken, the reader will find that subjects which elicited inquiry and discussion a quarter of a century ago, come up as practical questions to-day. And the answers which were given then, will bear repetition.

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Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy, is the best bred in the company.—*Swift*.

When the world has once got hold of a lie, it is astonishing how hard it is to get it out of the world. You beat it about the head till it seems to have given up the ghost, and lo! the next day it is as healthy as ever.—*Buhwer*.

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

## MATTER AND SUBSTANCE.

BY THE REV. J. S. SHIPMAN, D.D., D.C.L.

It is one of the first truths of philosophy that we are conscious of nothing exterior to ourselves. We see nothing in the outer world. We see only pictures which the mind constructs out of materials furnished by sensation. Not even the light which makes seeing possible, is in the outer world. That world, in itself, is as dark at noonday as at midnight. Light is but an effect within the mind, produced, as is supposed, by ethereal undulations impinging upon the optic nerve. We feel nothing in the outer world. What we are conscious of in touch, is simply the feeling of resistance within ourselves. We hear nothing in the outer world. In itself, that world, with all its storms and turmoils, is as silent as the grave. Sound is but an effect within the mind, produced by vibratory motions in the world without. The same view applies equally to tastes and odors. It applies to all the so-called qualities of matter. It applies even to such things as distance, size, and form.

Here is a little object, which, on measuring, you find to be exactly one-tenth of an inch in length. You place it under a lens, magnifying tenfold in linear direction, and it is now just one inch in length. You call the first measurement the *actual* size, and the second, the *apparent* size. By "actual size," you mean the size as compared with other objects viewed with the naked eye. But the eye itself is simply a lens. The only difference between that and the magnifying lens, is in the matter of convexity. The length of an object as seen through the lenses of the eye, is as much apparent, and as little actual,

as when seen through a lens that is purely artificial.

There is an object a mile away. You take a telescope, and bring the object, as you say, within a few feet of you. So far as the eye is concerned, it is within a few feet of you. Now suppose—what involves no contradiction in thought—that your eye were endowed with the power of that telescope; suppose, moreover, that the power of your other senses were equally enlarged, and your capability of overcoming distance by locomotion were increased in the same ratio—the object would then be as near to you, in all respects, as the telescope alone had made it seem to be. Distance is purely relative. It is simply the measure of certain powers within ourselves. In the degree that you increase those powers, you lessen distance. Make those powers infinite, or (what amounts to the same thing) take away the necessity of sense-perception and of locomotion—and you annihilate distance. But God is both infinite and independent of sense-perception and of locomotion. To God, therefore, there can be no distance; and if no distance, no size; and if no size, no visual form. Thus, in the light of the Absolute, this world of matter—the world as we know it—is purely phenomenal. Indeed a world which exists, and can exist, only in Time and Space—things manifestly relative—could not conceivably be other than phenomenal.

But this phenomenal world must rest upon the substantial. Back of it—underlying it—there is an unknown Something, which we never see, or hear, or touch, or taste, or smell: a



something of which we are as profoundly ignorant as of the world beyond the grave. The phenomenal world—the world which we see—is the joint product of that unknown Something, and of our percipient powers. The mind in perception is not passive, but active. Not only does the unknown external Something convey impressions through the senses to the mind, but the mind itself, in the very act of perception, seizes upon those impressions, and imposes upon them its own forms; so that the resulting product, which alone the mind actually perceives, partakes of the nature of both its factors. The external factor is known to us only in the product which we term *matter*. We can never, therefore, know what it is in itself—never, at least, in this life. All that we can say positively is that there is some external cause which, working with our percipient powers, produces the phenomena which, in the aggregate, we call the material world. What that cause is, we may rationally conjecture; but we cannot, with the absolute certainty of demonstration, know. The conjecture which seems to be the simplest, and at the same time to harmonize the most completely with all the conditions of the problem, is that, instead of a hard, inert, dead substance underlying the world of phenomena, there is simply force, or rather a vast system of centralized forces; that the physical world, in fact, is in its hidden nature not material, but dynamical.

It is certain that towards this view the best trained thought of the present age is drifting. Writes the Duke of Argyll:\*

"There are eddies in every stream, eddies where rubbish will collect and

circle for a time; but the ultimate bearing of scientific truth cannot be mistaken. Nothing is more remarkable in the present state of physical research, than what may be called the transcendental character of its results. . . . The old speculations of philosophy which cut the ground from materialism, by showing how little we know of matter, are now being daily reinforced by the subtle analysis of the physiologist, the chemist, and the electrician. Under that analysis matter dissolves and disappears, surviving only as the phenomena of force; which again is seen converging along all its lines to some common centre, 'sloping through darkness up to God.'"

"There is," says Prof. Cocker,† "a large, influential, and daily increasing class of scientists, who do not regard matter as an ultimate entity, and who believe that all the phenomena of matter (so-called), even extension, resistance, and ultimate incompressibility, may be resolved into phenomena of force. In other words, matter is only phenomenal, and like all phenomena, demands a cause. These men are perplexed with no difficulties as to the origin of matter. As a phenomenon, it must be a product of creative efficiency, and therefore had a beginning."

I may add that this same theory of matter was suggested as probable by Sir Isaac Newton, was elaborately presented by Boscovich, was adopted by Faraday, and has, quite recently, been defended with great ability by Canon Birks in a volume published in the "Christian Evidence Series," by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge.

The great advantage of this theory is that, while it distorts no fact of nature, and disturbs no principle of science, it relieves the mind of difficulties before which the dead-substance theory is powerless—for some of which, indeed, the dead-substance theory is itself responsible.

1. It cuts the ground from under atheistic materialism on the one

\* *Reign of Law*, p. 117.

† *Theistic Conception of the World*, p. 123.

hand, and from under Absolute Idealism on the other.

2. It solves the problem, held so long to be insoluble, of the intercourse between soul and body—how things so different in nature can act the one upon the other.

3. It relieves us from the supposed necessity of believing that something was created out of nothing, or of accepting the Pantheistic alternative that the universe and God are one.

4. Though leaving unsolved the mystery of the coexistence of the finite with the Infinite—the *otherness* of the universe with the All-in-all of God—it yet presents an idea of creation which does no violence to reason, and which satisfies the heart.

5. It suggests a possible basis for the reconciliation of those facts, which to the eye of philosophy, have been so long and hopelessly opposed—the efficacy of prayer and the invariableness of law.

6. Above all, it furnishes a foundation, rational and sure, for the belief that when we leave this world we shall find ourselves within another. If the effluence of Almighty power, coöperating with our own minds, has thrown around us this beautiful, this wondrous world of forms, must we not believe that effluence from the same full Fountain will surround us with a world more wondrous and more beautiful, when time and sense shall be no more? I believe it; and I claim for the belief that it is reasonable—that it is one which any man may accept with the full sanction of philosophy and of science. The following concession as to this point is from the pen of one\* whose known views respecting revealed religion, in-

vest it with a more than common significance:

"Since our ability to conceive anything is limited by the extent of our experience, and since human experience is very far from being infinite, it follows that there may be, and in all probability is, an immense region of existence in every way as real as the region which we know, yet concerning which we cannot form the faintest rudiment of a conception. Any hypothesis relating to such a region of existence is not only not disproved by the total absence of evidence in its favor, but the total absence of evidence in its favor does not even raise the slightest *prima facie* presumption against its validity. In the very nature of things no such evidence could be expected to be forthcoming. Even were there such evidence in abundance, it could not be accessible to us. And the entire absence of evidence does not raise a negative presumption, except in cases where evidence is accessible. . . . When conceived in this way, the belief in a future life is without scientific support; but at the same time it is placed beyond the need of scientific support, and beyond the range of scientific criticism. It is a belief which no imaginable advance in scientific discovery can in any way impugn. It is a belief which is in no sense irrational, and which may be logically entertained without in the least affecting our scientific habit of mind, or influencing our scientific conclusions."

As a matter of fact, a multitude of the best thinkers of the day do accept this conclusion, and accept it cordially; and not a few of them, there is reason to suspect, have been saved by means of it from hopeless unbelief. The great want with thinking men is to find a rational basis for faith in the reality of an unseen world. Such a basis, I am satisfied, is to be found in a true conception of the real nature of the world which is seen. Let it be accepted that spirit, and not that which we call matter, is the permanent, the real substance, and then the spiritual world is felt at

\*Prof. John Fiske, "The Unseen World," p. 48.



once to be a *real* world—a world not far away beyond the stars, but nearer to us than the earth we stand on—a world not to be reached by journeyings through space, but in which we all are living even now, although as little conscious of the fact as the unhatched bird is conscious of the blue skies through which it is soon to soar and sing.

"And so our latest speculations—call them flights of the scientific imagination, if you please—sent out to search over the depths for the everlasting hills, bring back upon their wings the perfume of unseen lands, and some fresh signs of the rest that shall remain after the flood of the years shall have passed away."—Newman Smyth's, "Old Faiths in New Light," p. 348.

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

### IN THE COUNTRY.



ray, dull, cold February is here; the season when Winter rests. The wind that blows over the brows of the low hills and across the

level meadow is no colder, no warmer, no more fierce or gentle as the days go on. There is not a trace of Autumn left, nor a single sign of the approach of Spring-time. The mercury in the thermometer travels up and down within a certain limited space, never overstepping its bounds at either end of its little journey.

One does not tire of Winter in the country, however. Though there may not be, as in the warmer months, new beauties every day, one learns to appreciate and love those which remain so long. One feels the meaning of the lines,

"Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear  
Has grown familiar with your song;  
I hear it in the opening year:  
I listen, and it cheers me long."

The sky overhead is one endless, unbroken arch of blue, against which the leafless branches of the trees stand out in a dark, intricate network. The crows hover about on

the branches and on the snow-covered ground, now gracefully floating on the keen air from tree to tree, and now perched solemnly in rows on the fence-rail, muttering their caw-caws with a degree of dignity really laughable. There is a certain ease of motion belonging to these birds, which one cannot help but admire. They have a stateliness peculiar to themselves; and here let me ask why there is such a prejudice against them. They are decidedly a help instead of a hindrance, to the farmer, ridding his fields of mice and moles and all sorts of worms. To be sure they now and then enter a corn-field and make way with a part of the newly-planted grain, but in return for this they drive away the opossum and the hawk from the chickens, and fight nobly against snakes, lizards, and frogs. Now in the Winter season they congregate in whole flocks on the hills, nodding and cawing so wisely, and walking about with such stately grace, that it is a great amusement to watch them. Then, all in a moment, at the sound of an approaching footstep, they caw, caw! and fly away again, far over the hills, over the leafless tree-tops, away, away, till they are mere black specks, and the eye that has followed them loses sight of them altogether, and rests on the gleaming

house-tops and spires of the neighboring village. The great chimneys of the square, unsightly manufactories, rise up against the intense blue of the heavens, and away beyond all old ocean rises up bright and sparkling in the noon-day sun, to meet the sky.

But the horizon is reached; one must turn back to the nearer and more familiar objects—the grove of cedars across the way, which cast such grotesque shadows on the ground; the straw-thatched rose-bushes, and the white-tufted fence-posts. The broken down, half melted walls of a snow-fort stand in the middle of what used to be the grass plat, and try bravely to withstand the warm rays of the sun. The old stump, surmounted with a rustic basket, where the Jerusalem ivy used to grow in the Summer-time, holds now a white pyramid, and its sides have a glossy, icy coating, and trickling icicles hang in long, uneven fringe below, showing with unwonted brilliancy all the prismatic colors. The bare trees throw black, distinct shadows on the snow. Since the crows have flown away, they are the only dark spots anywhere to be found. Save for them the whole world would seem one glare of brightness. The roofs, covered with ice and snow, throw back the sunlight and dazzle the eyes. The barks of the trees are coated with a thin, glassy plate. The pond in the meadow, which yesterday's melting snow raised almost to the dignity of a lake, is half frozen over, and a group of anxious-eyed children are eagerly inspecting the thin crust, throwing stones on it to see if they will not fail to break through; but every time there is a crash and a crackle, and sometimes the stone sinks under altogether; but the crashing and crackling seem to be

almost as much of an amusement as the prospect of sliding and skating, so the fun is kept up. The children's voices ring through the still, cold air with such a merry, lively clatter—almost the only life-like sound which is heard, unless the screaming engine, which has just puffed its way through an opening in the woods, and is hurrying on in its straight course to our little station, might be called so. Now it has stopped, but only for a moment, to let one passenger off; and now it puffs away again, sending its beautiful, curling clouds of smoke up against the blue sky, up higher and higher, separating as it goes, till its cloudy particles at length dissolve into the air itself, and it is gone; but the rattle of the cars is still heard as they rumble through another patch of woods, behind another hill, and then on and on, over snowy fields and through other quiet villages nestled as snugly between the hills as this one.

There is nothing romantic, or perhaps even beautiful, about a train of cars, and yet in a village like this, too far from the water to watch its changes or to see the beautiful, gliding vessels and the lordly steamers, as they sweep by, one learns to watch the screaming, snorting engines and the rumbling, dusty cars, with a great deal of interest and pleasure. They bring a business-like stir with them, not altogether disagreeable, which sends a thrill through our slow, country-bred people, and reminds them that even among nature's soothing influences there is some need to be up and doing. It is well that it is so, or the great, busy world beyond these snow-clad hills would get so far ahead of the dwellers in our little town, that when the day of waking did come, they would stare open-eyed and as astonished as Rip



Van Winkle after his twenty years' nap.

While stopping to think of these things the sun has risen high in the heavens, and its warm rays are melting the snow and softening the hard frozen ground, till the walking has become wading, and one must look down to keep from sinking deep into the red, sticky clay.

In these circumstances, who could enjoy the most delightful scenery on the continent? No! one must stand on the piazza-steps—which are decidedly more like *terra firma* than the sidewalks just at present—before one can look about again, with tired eyes, on the whitened landscape.

It is too glaring to admit of a long look, so one enters the house, shutting out the gentle South wind and the fresh odor of the melting snow, repeating to one's self a verse which perhaps is only a newspaper cutting, or may have been sung by one of our much-loved modern bards, but which has surely lingered in the memory, as one wishes all beautiful things might do. It is this:

"Spring is like a happy birth,  
And Summer like a wedding;  
Autumn like a funeral, is just behind them  
treading;  
Winter, like a sexton old,  
Comes slowly limping after,  
Heaping snow upon the graves  
Of frolicking and laughter."

KATHARINE M. MARCH.

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

### THE LOWER CANADIAN "HABITANT."

BY THE RECTOR OF PIERREPONT MANOR, NEW YORK.

The Eastern or Lower division of Canada, at the date of the union of the two provinces (1840), had a population of some 650,000, while the Western or Upper section at the same period possessed but 450,000.

Of course, Lower Canada had all the advantage of a much earlier settlement—an advantage, however, which she did not very long retain. For the immigrants from the British Isles, after the opening up of the country westward, almost wholly flocked in that direction, finding but little to attract them where the bulk of the people spoke an unknown tongue, were under a foreign code of laws, and who even, to some extent, regarded the new arrivals as aliens and intruders. Besides, the climate of the western country was much less rigorous, and the soil of better quality. Very many, too, of the concessions made to the French Colonists when Canada was ceded to the English, operated to impede the

progress of the Lower province as a British Colony: the maintenance of the Roman Catholic faith; the preservation of the large estates granted to the Jesuits and other religious communities; the privilege of using the French language in the Courts and Legislature; the adoption of the French Code; and retention of the seigniorial system of land tenure.

The Roman Catholic Church being the dominant religious body, and formally recognized as such by the State, assumed full educational control. The public schools were placed unreservedly in her charge; and these institutions, and the moneys set apart for their maintenance, are managed altogether by Jesuits, Christian Brothers, and other members of the various organizations connected with the Romish Church. Protestants, it is true, have the privilege, wherever they are numerous enough, of erecting separate schools; but being comparatively few in number and much

scattered—save in Montreal and its vicinity, and over a limited tract known as the Eastern Townships—they are generally unable to avail themselves of the liberty. The consequence is, they have either to hand over their children to the religious as well as educational care of the Romish priesthood, or send them off to inconvenient distances at great expense.

With the exception of the more wealthy, and those resident in and near the cities, very many of the colonists of French origin are illiterate—unacquainted with the English language, and very imperfectly with their own.

Of all the causes, however, which tended to retard her onward progress, the seigniorial tenure of Lower Canada operated to her greatest disadvantage. The French monarchs had introduced into the country a species of noblesse, among whom they parcelled out the land. These petty nobles and their descendants became, as it were, lords of the manor, and bore the designation of Seigniors—their territory being in each instance about equal in extent to a township of ten one-mile concessions.

Over these lands they held supreme control, and parties settling within their limits had to perform many degrading acts of feudal service, as well as pay a yearly rental, according to the condition and quality of the soil. No man could become a freeholder, and each and every time a tenant sold his improvements—transferred his lease to another—ten per cent. of the purchase money went into the coffers of the Seignior. In other words, the same farm might change hands five times in as many years, and on each successive occasion the Seignior become the richer

by the receipt of one-tenth of its leasehold value.

Of the degrading feudal services to be rendered I need only mention that the Habitant, or cultivating tenant, had to go through the performance of many abject acts of homage, and other equally absurd and servile observances; that he had to furnish a certain number of fowls or so many fat capons a year to the Seignior; to give over a certain portion of the fish caught in the streams as tribute; and was compelled to take his grain to be ground at the Seignior's mill. There might be a better mill within one-half the distance, and the Seignior's might be a very bad one indeed, and his miller given to knavish exactions in the way of tolls, yet the tenant was bound, by his condition of vassalage, to give the preference to his lord's. These unpleasant features repelled the more progressive class of settlers, and left the lands exclusively to French Canadian occupants.

And here I cannot forbear paying a well-merited tribute to what might be called the redeeming qualities of the French Canadian Habitant. He is docile, confiding, and meek; temperate, moral, and simple-minded. Perhaps I could not do better than endeavor to place him personally before you.

Permit me, then, to introduce you to *Monsieur L' Habitant*!

We will suppose you encounter him upon the highway on a bright Summer day. He is going to market. No heavy, lumbering wagon startles you with its reverberations, but the mingled jolt and jingle of a light and airy vehicle, presenting much the appearance of a hand-barrow on wheels, with sides of slender stakes. The load he carries in such a conveyance is, of course, never very large, and his



shaggy pony ambles along before it with perfect ease.

Neither load nor cart had need be weighty, for as he nears you you perceive the harness is held together in various places by strings of deer and strips of beef-skin, with here and there, in the frailer parts, an occasional fragment of old rope. He is close enough for us to note the dress he wears. His head carries jauntily the *bonnet bleu*, or "tuque"—a woolen - night - cap - sort - of - contrivance with an enormous pendant tassel of the same material. His coat and vest and pants are invariably of *etoffe-du-pays*, the light-grey cloth of the country, cut and put together in utter defiance of any ruling fashion, by his wife and daughter. He is much more warmly clad than you are, no matter how oppressively close the weather may be; and there curls from the lips of his olive-colored countenance the smoke of his small black pipe. He is the picture of good-natured contentedness, and hums an air as he jogs along. Presently he describes you. With infinite grace he makes his salutation, and as he bows (with as much of politesse and deference as if he deemed you at least a nobleman), wishes you a smiling *Bon jour*!

Onward he goes, if near a town, to the market-place, to dispose of his two or three lank sacks of potatoes, or "petacks," as he terms them in his *patois*, for his language has in it words unknown to circles Parisian; and he is not at all fastidious in making additions to his vocabulary. While waiting a purchaser he engages in never-ceasing chatter with those around him; and should you be within hearing, the slightest effort of the imagination would realize for you the noise which might be anticipated from "a wilderness of monkeys"!

At length, sold out, he journeys homeward, and if you desire to accompany him, he will readily afford you a ride into the country. Conversation with him, however, by the way, cannot be very well intelligibly maintained, as the greater part of what is said by the one is either misunderstood or not understood at all by the other. Nevertheless, Jean Baptiste returns again and again to the charge—never discouraged—meeting what is incomprehensible to him with a characteristic shrug, and the portions he partially recognizes, with a smile. But when he thinks he fully takes your meaning, his face becomes lit up with an ecstatic satisfaction, and he favors you with a torrent of words in reply, which almost exhausts his apparently inexhaustible repertoire of language, and leaves you in a state of the most complete bewilderment.

As you leave the town behind, the dwellers in houses near the road are frequently in the doorway, and salute you cheerfully—even *les enfants* lisping out their childish greetings to the passer-by. After a time you gain the house of your companion—a little one, 'tis true, but white as snow without and scrupulously clean within. His *femme*, arrayed in homespun gown and matronly cap and kerchief, with daughters miniature editions of herself, stand ready to receive you and extend a hearty welcome.

You enter. Though boarded outside, the logs of the structure, with their plastered chinks, are plainly to be seen; so frequently whitened, however, as to be divested of their roughness, and rendered bright and cheery. The walls are decorated with rude and highly-colored lithographs of Roman Catholic saints, among them conspicuous the Bless-

ed Virgin and St. Joseph. In a corner you may even discern an attempt at the erection of a shrine, with its crucifix; and if a book of any kind is to be seen it is certain to prove a manual of devotion such as the "Glories of the Angels." If you accept his hospitality, you are certain to find your preconceived ideas of French cookery suddenly overturned. For instead of a marvellous variety of light dishes of a complicated character, the repast served up proves undeniably solid, and is prepared with singular plainness. The furniture consists of benches, chairs, and other articles, almost all of them home-made, for in such matters he is handy, and exhibits no small degree of ingenuity. You prolong your stay, and find him as communicative as you could wish. You have the old difficulty in the way in conducting a conversation, but his wife joins in, and helps you wonderfully to understand him.

He is simplicity personified. Of vice in its grosser forms both himself and his family are utterly ignorant—unless, indeed, one of his sons may have engaged in lumbering, and acquired a knowledge of evil in the shanty, or among the drinking-holes and dance-houses which line the timber coves of Quebec. In matters of religion, he will tell you he defers implicitly to the curé, to whom he pays tithes—a rate collectable by law; that in local, and generally in parliamentary matters, he sides with his Seigneur; and that Messieurs Papineau and Cartier were the greatest politicians the world ever saw! He may confess to a difficulty which sometimes does occur, placing him at the time in a terribly awkward position. Should the Seigneur be a "Rouge," or progressive in his political views to an extent considered

inimical to the interests of Mother Church, the curé opposes the candidate brought forward and supported by the lord of the manor. And then there comes "the tug of war." The Habitant would willingly oblige his Seigneur by voting with him, but it is a dreadful thing to be at variance with the Father. As a general rule the curé carries the day, as, when all other means fail, a remonstrance from the altar settles the matter, and the flock vote in a body for the candidate favored by the Church.

The Habitant will freely admit that he is easy-going and inclined to be indolent—a predisposition perhaps aggravated and confirmed by the very many holy days of which his Church enjoins observance, to the interruption of his labor. His father cultivated just so many acres in a very primitive fashion, and Jean Baptiste devoutly follows his example. His condition has been much ameliorated by the abolition of the seigniorial tenure, through the payment, on the part of the Government, of an immense sum in commutation; but he still retains much of his veneration for ancient usages, and regards his Seigneur as his feudal chieftain.

Had you first encountered him in the Winter season, instead of the cart in which you rode, a *traineau*, or roughly-constructed sled, would have been the vehicle he drove. This is nothing but two rude runners, hewn to their shape with the axe, a box of rough boards being placed thereon to render it available for travelling purposes. This box is movable, and when a bulky load is to be conveyed is replaced by upright stakes. The shafts, unlike those used in ordinary sleighs and cutters, are set directly in a line with the runners (*not* somewhat on one side), and this has the effect of



collecting the snow in front, until by a mighty jerk, the accumulation is surmounted. The result is, wherever these *traineaux* are used the roads are full of *cahots*, or pitch-holes, which has caused several of the Lower Canadian municipalities to prohibit their employment.

The clothing, too, of our friend would have been something different. His attire at such a time would be this: an overcoat, still of Canadian grey, which a capot or hood, in which he envelops his head, and cosily covers up his chops; a bright scarlet sash around his waist; his hands covered with deer-skin mittens; and his feet and legs encased in beef-skin. For this latter moccasin feature he has a great affection, never at any

season taking very kindly to boots. On some of the pennies still in circulation in the Lower province a very good representation is given of the Habitant in full dress.

The individual I have delineated is no mere imaginative creation. He might have been seen this morning at the Bonsecor's Market in Montreal, or in front of the Jesuit Barracks in Quebec. And what is more, he will be found in the same and other localities in Lower Canada, precisely as I have described him, one hundred years hence. For Britain has guaranteed him, in perpetuity, the possession of his institutions, his language, and his laws, and the next century will therefore find him as little Anglicised as the present. J. M.

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

## ROB'S VACATION.

By H. Y. E.

### CHAPTER II.—JOSIE.

Wishing that holiday frolic at Rob's expense to stand by itself, and to constitute a reason for the name I give to my story, I began the narrative somewhat abruptly; not even giving my readers an introduction to the characters, whose acquaintance, I trust, they will in time come to enjoy. The only amend I can make is to perform the ceremony of introduction now, which I proceed to do.

My father, as I have already stated, was a physician. A successful career of thirty years had secured to him a competence; while the growth of the town, changing the small farm into village lots, had so enhanced the value of his property, that he was able to retire from practice. He believed himself entitled to enjoy what he possessed, in a rational and Christian way. He further felt that he

owed a duty to those who were just entering upon professional life, pursuing the same calling in which he had been so successful. Accordingly, when a young physician came to town with unexceptionable references and testimonials of high scholarship, father at once, much to the young man's surprise, offered him a helping hand, and even proposed to retire gradually from the field and leave him a free course to reputation and fortune. Possessed of sufficient wealth himself, he had no ambition to become a millionaire. With no love for magnificence, and no desire to live in palatial splendor, he was content simply to improve and enlarge the old homestead, while his family, his library, and his garden and orchard, afforded both scope for the gratification of his taste and a healthful and

agreeable occupation of his time. The old families, among whom he had practiced for a quarter of a century and more, still claimed and received his professional services. Other patients, who would not quite give him up, were willing, in ordinary cases, to call in the aid of the younger physician, Dr. Marvin ; but in severe sickness father's longer experience must be appealed to. New patients he absolutely refused to receive.

Thus quietly and gradually father was retiring from practice. But mother, who had sympathized so thoroughly with all the sick who for years had applied to him, had come to be considered indispensable in cases of suffering or sorrow, and indeed in trouble of almost any kind. Her purse, wardrobe, and larder were shared with the needy, and there were few cases of suffering for miles around in behalf of which her kind heart was not enlisted. She had no thought of retiring from her practice, but continued to be, as for years she had been, the sympathizing friend of those who needed sympathy, and the benefactor of the poor.

The children of the family are, first, George, an officer in the navy ; then myself, then Rob, then sister Sarah. The youngest of all was dear little Charley, on whom mother had set her heart for the ministry. But when ten years old God called him to Himself.

Josie Harmon, who was visiting us at the time of the incidents mentioned in my last chapter, we called cousin. But cousin she was not by blood relationship. She was the adopted child of mother's brother, William Harmon, who lived in the suburbs of a large manufacturing town, about eighty miles distant from us by rail. Cousin Charley was the only child in that family. Another, named

Josephine—after mother—had, at the age of three years, been taken away by that scourge diphtheria. My aunt, almost heart-broken, seemed unable to rally from the sorrow of her bereavement, and fears were entertained that excessive grief might impair her health and possibly bring her prematurely to the grave.

On a cold and stormy night, late in December, when the fire on the hearth was made more cheerful by the sound of the howling winds and drifting snow without, Mr. and Mrs. Harmon were sitting by their fireside, the husband reading aloud, and the wife, with her crocheting in hand, endeavoring to listen. The volume had been selected in the hope that an interest in its contents might, for the time at least, help to divert the thoughts of the bereaved mother from the sorrow that weighed so heavily upon her. Charley was slumbering in his crib in an adjoining bed-room, made restless occasionally as some sudden blast would shake the window as if determined to force an entrance. The roaring of the winds rendered inaudible all other sounds without, save the distant and repeated shriek of the locomotive, as the snow-plows struggled to clear the track for belated trains.

Suddenly there was a sound of quick and piercing shrieks from the whistle, then a crash, and almost immediately a flame shot up, which rapidly increased in intensity ; and though, for the blinding storm, no object could be distinctly seen, yet every driving snow-flake reflected the light which now, alas, there could be no question, came from a wrecked train not many rods from the house.

There was no time to be lost. The servants, who had retired, were aroused, and Mr. Harmon, speedily muffling himself, sallied forth with Peter,



his only man-servant, in the direction of the scene of the disaster. The passenger express, which had been belated by the storm, had plunged into a freight train, one car of which, loaded with petroleum, had taken fire.

The scene was frightful beyond description. In the trench by the roadside a locomotive was upon its side, the steam rushing loudly from the fractured boiler, and the coals from the fire hissing in the snow. Partially covering it was the baggage-car, now in flames. Scattered about were the debris of the petroleum-car, into which the locomotive had plunged, and to the contents of which it had set fire. Baggage, passenger, and sleeping-car were crushed and telescoped, two sleepers only remaining uninjured.

Mr. Harmon took in the scene at a glance, and with Peter pushed forward to the assistance of the wounded and shrieking passengers. Those who had escaped injury, as soon as they could regain sufficient composure, came forward to the aid of their more unfortunate fellow-travellers. Soon from the scattered houses in the vicinity other help came. To rescue those buried or entangled in the wreck, was the first care. These—the mangled dead and wounded—were conveyed to the uninjured cars in the rear.

Among the wounded was a middle-aged man, whom a bruise on the head had rendered senseless. In his arms was a little girl three or four years old. The child was unharmed, apparently, but was screaming with fright and calling 'Uncle, uncle!' There was no female passenger immediately near, which made it evident that the little one was in the care of the gentleman in whose arms she was found. Where so many had been wounded severely and perhaps fa-

tally, and some instantly killed, it was impracticable to concentrate attention upon one. But here was a case which could not be neglected. The gentleman was perhaps dying. To take the child to the rear car might be to leave him to perish. While hesitating, Mr. Harmon saw signs of returning consciousness. The man looked up with a bewildered gaze, and then, apparently realizing his position, groaned deeply; then his eyes wandered about as if searching for some object.

'The child is safe, sir,' said my uncle; 'and I trust, not hurt.'

The wounded man smiled faintly. Endeavoring, with Peter's aid, to extricate the sufferer, my uncle perceived that there was a deep wound in the thigh, which was broken, and perhaps an artery had been cut. Though not a physician, he saw at once that the stranger had but a few moments to live.

'I am afraid, sir, that you are going to die,' said he; 'can you tell me what to do with the child?'

A look of inexpressible anguish came over the face of the dying man, as he struggled in vain to speak. At that instant, what was my uncle's astonishment to see my aunt by his side, and reaching out her hands to take the infant from him. True, the house was but a few rods from the scene, still the storm was fearful, and the frail woman, with the stout kitchen-maid to accompany her, taking restoratives in her hand, had made her way to the wreck. Here she had sought her husband, and comprehending at once the condition of affairs, said eagerly to the dying man, 'My husband and I will care for the child until we find its mother.'

Though not sure that the stranger understood her, she felt it must be so,

for there was a faint smile on his face as his spirit passed away.

It required no persuasion now to induce my aunt to return at once to the house. Wrapping her precious charge safely from the wind and snow, she clasped it to her breast and followed her maid home. Here the little stranger was nursed and comforted, and at length fell asleep in the arms of her new-found friend. Mrs. Harmon, just as a few months before she had done with her own little one, laid upon the bed the child who was now wrapped in the night-clothes which had belonged to her own Josie.

Those were strange emotions that stirred Mrs. Harmon's heart. Her own sorrow had rendered her almost powerless for any effort, and incapable of interest in passing events. She was trying to struggle against it and arouse herself to the duties before her. This sudden casualty had most rudely awakened her. In her compassion for the suffering she had braved the midnight storm and snow, and thinking only of others, forgot herself. The blazing wreck, the howling winds, the shrieks and moans of the wounded, that spectacle of the dying stranger, and then the precious charge so suddenly and mysteriously committed to her—she did not faint; she did not even weep. There was no shrinking, even when she opened the little chest where she had carefully folded away the clothing of the child she had lost, and to which, as sacred relics, she had made many a tearful pilgrimage.

Calmly, but tenderly, she performed the necessary tasks to avert the consequences of exposure, and to care for the life and comfort of the little one. And when she laid it slumbering upon her own bed, and looked down upon a face so calm and

beautiful, the tears *did* come to her eyes. But she brushed them away with the thought that, for a short time at least, until its parents could be found, she was to be permitted to do for a little stranger the kind offices which, in like circumstances, she would wish might be done for her own now departed one.

Returning to the drawing-room, she gathered up the clothing, damp, soiled, and torn, which had been taken from the child; and as she was about putting it away, her eye fell upon a broken chain of gold, which had evidently been around the child's neck. Searching further, she found the remainder of the chain, to which was attached a small locket. She brought it under the strong light of the chandelier. Behind a glass was a lock of hair. On the reverse was an inscription. The trinket dropped from her hand as she read 'To Little Josie.'

And now the flood gates were opened. She returned to the bedside, and kneeling down, buried her face in the pillow on which the head of the child was lying, and sobbed aloud. All the past days of her own child's life, all its little, winning ways, its prattle, and its caresses, came vividly before her; then the scene in that very bedroom, where but three months before she had knelt just as she was doing now, and sobbing at the intelligence that her child could not live. And now God had placed in her hands, for a time at least, another little one to care for. She would accept the commission for its mother's sake, in the name of Jesus, who had said 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

But we must return to the wreck. A force had been sent from the town. The residents of the vicinity flocked to the rescue. The uninjured portion



of the train was pushed back. The injured were placed in the beds in the sleeping-cars, while the dead, and such as could with safety be moved, were placed in a wrecking-car and conveyed to the town. All night long the snow swept in blinding wreaths about the wreck, and daylight found the humane volunteers still at their post battling the flames, and endeavoring to rescue the passengers and the goods. The baggage-car was consumed; the mail-car nearly so. Another car of the express train was partially burned, while others were completely wrecked, as were also some of the freight-cars. Six persons were killed outright, or survived but a few hours, while of the score of wounded ones two or three survived but a few days.

As soon as possible after the disaster, my uncle set about making inquiries for the home and parents of the little waif which had been thus thrown upon his hands. The only account the child could give of herself was that her name was Josie. The gentleman who had accompanied her was evidently not her father, but an uncle—Uncle Fred, she called him. As to her father, all the intelligence that could be obtained was derived from the words 'Papa gone away.' She would sometimes speak of her mamma, but nothing could be learned of her name or residence.

Mr. Harmon sought out the passengers who had been on the wrecked train, and when the names of the survivors were published he addressed them letters; but none had any information to give. He attended the coroner's inquest, both as spectator and witness. On the body of the stranger was found a pocket-book with a small amount of money, and the name Frederic Wright. The

number of the watch and of its case were ascertained and inserted in the advertisements of inquiry respecting the child, but all without avail.

Meantime the little waif, with her sprightliness and winning ways, won upon the hearts of her protectors. Mr. Harmon saw his wife emerging from her melancholy as the tendrils of her heart wound slowly around the new object of love, and he began to fear that when the hour of separation should arrive, the parting might throw her back into the condition which had caused him so much anxiety.

The little one would always at night lisp her little 'Now I lay me,' and invariably end with 'Bless mamma; and papa gone away.' Cousin Charley, then about eight years old, had also taken the little one to his heart from the very first, calling her 'Sister Josie,' and insisting that God, who had taken one Sister Josie away, had now sent him another, who had come to him in an awfully stormy night.

Meantime my uncle vigorously prosecuted his search for the home and parents of little Josie, but as before, in vain. Years rolled on, and still no tidings. The child grew up, receiving all the care and advantages she would have enjoyed had she been born the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harmon. They had come to regard her as their own. Occasionally some obscure fact would apparently offer a clue to the mystery of Josie's birth and parentage, and then they could not but be conscious that with all their desire, for Josie's sake, to learn the truth of her history, and with all their compassion for some mother who had been bereaved of her child, what once they hoped now they dreaded. For they had, in deed and in affection, though perhaps not in law, adopted her as their own, had her

baptized hypothetically, and had given her the name of Josephine Wright Harmon. Thus had she effectually taken the place of the lost one; and my aunt often, as she bent over her sleeping form at night, would recall with a sad, but sacred feeling, her own promise, given on that dreadful night, 'My husband and I will care for the child until we find its mother.'

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

## THE STREAM OF LIFE.

### AN ALLEGORY.

BY THE REV. J. M. CLARKE, D.D.

In my vision I beheld a broad, majestic river, which came sweeping from a vast and unknown sea. Mists and darkness hung over the sea, though on the smooth waters of the river the morning sun was shining. Looking down the stream I saw its surface dotted with numerous islands, and the shores were plainly visible on either side. But what was remarkable was that the whole *life* of the picture was not on the shores but on the stream. Thousands of tiny ships, having each one its single voyager, danced upon the bright waters as they rippled and sparkled in the sunshine. At first they seemed almost stationary, but a longer look showed that they were all being gradually borne down the slowly flowing tide.

In the upper part of the river the voyagers were all children. They had no recollection of the mist-hung sea from which their light barks issued, and seemed to have little anxiety about the unknown waters toward which they were slowly gliding. In the part of the river to which my attention was directed, the children had almost all white robes, and a cross rose in the bow of each small pinace, full in view of the little sailor, as he sat with his steering paddle, in the stern. They had each, too, a chart of the river, describing the islands and rapids in its course, and marking the rocks, shoals, and dan-

gerous places. They had no need of a compass, as the stream itself gave general direction to their course, while the chart gave full directions for the voyage. In particular it warned them always to keep nearest to the right hand shore; at least to keep in the right hand part of the river, as there the navigation was much safer, and the channel comparatively free and unobstructed.

Among the throngs that were gliding down the great river, I particularly noticed a company of young people who were sailing near each other—a party of young relatives and friends. They called each other—the boys, Harold, and Wilfrid, and Edmund, and Arthur; the girls, Bertha, and Hilda, and Ida. I resolved to watch their course upon the river, and see what fortune each would have. Of the boys, Edmund was the oldest, and Arthur the youngest, a mere child in fact; while Bertha was the oldest, and Ida the youngest of the girls. When I first noticed them they were all together, a little to the right of the middle of the stream, and were floating along very happy and contented in each other's society. Soon the islands with which the river was dotted began to attract their attention. They were very numerous in this part of the stream, and exceedingly beautiful. Sweet flowers grew down to the water's



edge, and birds were singing in the trees. Red cherries hung upon the branches, and fragrant strawberries nestled in the green grass. And the children were allowed a few minutes' run on any of the islands that they choose.

Our party visited island after island in the happy gayety of childhood, passing continually down to a lower point on the river, as the current carried them on. But after a while the islands became fewer in the main current and toward the right bank, till at last there were scarcely any except along the left bank, where they were marked 'dangerous' in the chart. Now arose the first disagreement among the children: Hilda and Wilfrid were for bearing off toward the left hand shore. Harold, who was of a gay, frolicsome temper, was ready to follow in their wake; and the little ones, Ida and Arthur, had scarcely any will of their own. But Edmund and Bertha, who were wiser, urged the warning of the chart, and the direction that they were to keep near the right hand shore. They saw, as well as the others, that the left hand looked much the more attractive. It was covered with tropical vegetation. Magnolias and the tamarind and the cocoa palm were among its trees, and great parasite creepers, crossing from tree to tree, spread their wide gaudy blossoms on the air, and all was a jungle of luxuriant greenery; while on the right bank the stern pine forests of a northern clime skirted the view, and the few mignonettes and violets and daisies of the shore were imperceptible unless one steered his shallop very near.

'Come,' said Hilda, 'let us leave this dull, tame side, and go where there's more fun and gayety. A merry life for me.'

'Yes,' said Harold, 'I see some islands yonder where the boys and girls are sitting in bright arbors, crowned with wreaths of flowers; and see! in some they are dancing to the merriest music ever heard.'

'Be careful,' said Bertha; 'those children have not white garments like ours. They use bad words in their plays sometimes, and the drinks are not always wholesome that are quaffed in those arbors you admire. Besides, the river is difficult of navigation on that side, and you will be much safer if you steer as the chart directs.'

'O hang the chart,' said Wilfrid; 'I vote for having a good time when we can.'

So saying, he turned his boat's head sharp to the left, and Hilda and Harold followed him. The water, rippling at their boats' sides, bore them all the swifter down the current. But soon they neared the bright islands of pleasure, and quickly were among the gay and giddy groups that were dancing upon them. Bertha and Edmund looked after them sadly, and were glad that they were able to keep little Ida and Arthur from venturing into those dangerous waters.

The little party, thus reduced in number, floated gently on, making an occasional stop on some pleasant island of the right hand channel. They had gone on a considerable distance when they were hailed by a shout from the left, and looking in that direction, saw Hilda and Wilfrid plying their paddles with all their might, and straining every nerve to cross the middle current of the river and join their company again. A quarrel had arisen in the gay party they had joined, and they had taken to their boats again in disgust and alarm. But they found themselves

in a fierce rapid which commenced at the lower end of the island, and they had hard work to avoid being carried away to destruction. In fact, Harold, whose head was disordered by wine he had drunk upon the island, lost his steering oar, and was hurried down helpless by the rapid, and they saw him no more. Neither did Wilfrid or Hilda any more steer as steadily or float on as contentedly as they had done before their ill-omened visit to the islands of pleasure.

By this time our young people had floated a number of miles down the river, and were arriving at regions of a somewhat different character. The islands of the stream were higher and more rocky, and the shores bolder and more diversified. On the prominent heights and headlands on either side, especially where the course of the river curved in one direction or the other, were beacons set. Some were laid down on the chart with their names; others had names inscribed which one could read with a spy-glass, or, if near enough, with the naked eye.

It was noticeable that the beacons on the left bank looked a great deal handsomer to the people who were sailing near that bank than they did to those who saw them from the opposite shore. And on the other hand, the right shore beacons were attractive, for the most part, only to the right shore voyagers. Thus the Bonaparte beacon was so glorious in its show, that it induced many to steer for that part of the river, although the stream there was so full of jagged rocks that the majority of those who tried its navigation suffered shipwreck. The John Howard beacon, on the other shore, drew not near so many to steer for its neighborhood, although there were no such placid waters on the river as lay

beneath its shadow, and no such fragrant heartsease as might be gathered clustering round its base. On the left bank were, among others, the Byron, and the Aaron Burr, and the Gibbon, and the Rothschild beacon. While on the side that our children were sailing, there were beacons with such names as Samuel, and Timothy, and Martyn, and Heber, and Livingstone, and St. Paul.

As our party went on down the river, they found its current grow gradually more rapid, even on the quieter side, and that heavier waves were formed by the rippling of the waters. They found that they needed a certain amount of ballast, and of provision for the way. Hitherto they had floated along without care or toil, but now more effort was needed. However, they found that by a little exertion they could gather such simple food as they needed, mostly berries and nuts, from the islands that lay in their course. And they picked up raw copper, and occasionally a piece of native silver, for this region was rich in ores, and these metals seemed to them preferable to mere pebbles as ballast for their boats. But soon they fell in with some who told them that there were richer fruits and more valuable mines toward the left side of the river, and called them foolish for being satisfied with the simple gains they were making where they were.

As before, Wilfrid was eager for adventure. Hilda was desirous of going where guavas and bananas and mangoes grew; while Edmund was all excited with the idea of filling his boat with gold and precious stones. But the prudent Bertha pointed out to them the dangers that their charts described as existing in the left hand channel, and urged them to remain in the safe course they



were then pursuing. "The fruit of the tree of life, the chart tells us, grows on these right hand islands. And the water of the river here is clear and pure. While over yonder it is crowded with hurrying craft, and the mines have muddied and perturbed the stream." So saying, she persuaded little Arthur and Ida to remain with her. But the other three were bent on trying their fortunes in the crowded centre and left of the river. Edmund and Wilfrid hastened to the gold and diamond mines, while Hilda went to satiate herself with the luxuries of the pineapple thickets, and the orange and mango groves.

I saw them again, farther down the river, later in the day. Edmund had freighted his boat so heavily with shining ore and precious stones that he was absolutely unable to control its course. He could not have regained the right bank now if he would. He was drifting at the mercy of the current, and could hardly help being filled and sunk, if storm should come and heavy seas sweep over him. Wilfrid had taken Hilda into partnership of his gains, and they were sailing side by side. They had exchanged part of their gold for purple and scarlet attire, wearing no longer the white robes of the morning. They had provisioned their boats with the most delicate fruits of the islands, had lashed them together, and set up a mast and gaudy-colored sail, with a silken streamer floating at the mast-head. They were dashing along before a favoring breeze, the objects of strong emulation to a few, as bravely equipped as themselves, and of envy to many whom they passed by in their headlong career. It was sad to me to see ships with the Cross at their bows thus dashing down the precipitous course of the river, but I

knew that a couple as headstrong and wilful as these would not stop until some wild rock should wreck them, or until they reached the end.

We return to Bertha and her young protégés. It had been hard for Arthur and Ida to give up going after the tropical fruits and the precious gems, but Bertha told them many stories of the beautiful city to which their part of the river would carry them—how its very walls were built of rubies and sapphires, and its every gate was a splendid pearl, while in its streets its inhabitants walked on the purest gold. She told them of the happy companies that would there be gathered; how they would talk with winged angels in the great King's palace, and join in the sweet music that was sung before His throne. She said that fairer lawns and sweeter fruits than any that were found upon the river, would be free to them forever in the gardens of the King; and that the only way to reach His dwelling and be happy in it forever, was to obey the directions of the chart during that one voyage. She told how the King's own Son had sailed down this river, in days when those who sailed in the left channel had forbidden any to sail in the right, and how they had taken Him and nailed Him on a cross upon an island just this side of the golden city; and how millions of the children of His Father had sailed down the stream in perfect safety, where He and His first followers had dyed its waters with their blood. All this Bertha told the children, and now, forgetting the delights upon the left, they were all eagerness to press on toward that last island and the better country that lay beyond.

In such converse, and in the company of others whom they fell in with, sailing in the same side of the

river, the hours passed rapidly away. At times, when they were weary with the cares and toils of the voyage, and sad with its dangers and with the loss of some of their companions, they used to stop at certain fair islands, described on their charts as islands of rest. On these were over-arching groves that sheltered them while they worshipped and while they practiced anthems of praise, in anticipation of the time when they would sing them in the King's celestial palace. There, too, were food and drink brought from the golden city, which certain servants of the King dispensed to His faithful children, and which had strengthening and refreshing virtues through His blessing, such as no other viands had that could be found upon the stream.

It was well for Bertha and her young charges that they had made good use of the advantages of this part of the river, for the hour of their severest trial was still to come. Hitherto their day had been all sunshine, and even the burden and heat of it had been relieved by frequent intervals of recreation and of rest. But now, as the sun began to decline in the West, the signs of coming storm were seen. The ragged edges of a cloud loomed up from the horizon, and it grew blacker and blacker as more and more of its form appeared. On it came, by the force of its own wind, while all was hushed and still where the voyagers were awaiting it. Now the flashes of the lightning could be seen, and the low growl of the distant thunder heard, while the first breath of the storm began to ruffle the water, and the sheets of descending rain drew nearer and nearer, reaching from sky to sea. And now the first drops were upon them, and in a moment they were enveloped in the hurricane. The darkness blotted

out the light of day, the waters rolled into white caps under the gale, the driving rain and hail was blinding in its power, and the lurid gleams of lightning and incessant thunder peals might well have terrified more experienced mariners. Bertha thought for an instant of the friends who had left them, and of the many who were amid the dangers of the left hand channel; but all her mind was required for her own safety and that of her young pupils. 'Keep close to me,' she cried, 'keep your boats' heads straight toward the waves, and we'll ride out the storm.'

Their light barks rode the billows well. They were still in good condition, and not, like some others, worn, or over-freighted; and while the bow struck every wave full in the front, they rose gallantly on its crest, and kept their own position. But Arthur, getting frightened, failed once to bring his boat's head fairly to meet an enormous wave, and its force twisted him round in an instant. The wind and water caught the boat on its broad side, and though they did not completely upset it, they drifted him away from his companions, and bore him backward up the stream. The child's heart almost failed at finding himself alone upon the storm-tossed river, but he lifted his heart in prayer, and as he prayed he regained command of his craft, having never lost hold of the steering oar.

Soon the fury of the storm seemed to be exhausting itself. The rain became lighter. The thunder began to moderate its tone. The wind was going down, and the natural light began to reappear. Bertha and Ida, though drenched with the rain, felt now secure from perishing in the elements' commotion. They had held their ground through all its violence, and now that it was abated, they be-



gan to make progress again toward their journey's goal. Now that they could see again, a wild scene met their eyes. Toward the left, the water was covered with wrecks. Some boats were drifting, bottom upward, with their owners lost. Some had holes stove in them by the pointed rocks on which they had been driven. The cries of those who were just sinking came fruitless over the wave; while others were trying hard to regain the right channel after their experience of the dangers of the left. In fact, the greatest peril of all was now beginning more distinctly to appear. The left hand navigation was most dangerous at its close. It was laid down on the chart that the river precipitated itself over a cataract at the end of the left hand channel, down a dreadful chasm into which no one could pass alive.

But the sailors on the left hand paid little attention to the chart, and the danger of their course, even at the end, was by no means as apparent to themselves as to those who watched them from the opposite shore. Now, however, there were signs of peril ahead that could not be mistaken. The river was beginning to rush and foam in fearful rapids on that side. Steep pitches of angry water could be seen descending almost like flights of stairs, and in the far distance a white column of dense mist rose, as if it were the smoke of the torment of the abyss below. Horrible was then the plight of those once caught in the rush of that raging sea. Environed with danger, and rushing to death, below a certain point in the rapid there was no hope of escape. Some had been in the swifter and more dangerous left hand current from the first; but most sad was the appearance of those who had started in the calm water of the right,

and had been, sometimes but recently, betrayed into those treacherous rapids. Many a one I saw with shrinking form, and rigid, despairing gaze, borne past, where the wild waves tossed the light skiff as if it had been a feather, and the rock ledges heaved boat and rider into the air one moment before they plunged over the cataract and were gone.

The right hand channel was separated by a long, narrow island, from this scene of danger and of death. Its upper end, in the midst of quiet, placid waters, could be easily reached from the right hand channel, and this was the ordinary terminus of navigation on that side; for this island was a suburb of the golden city, and from it the voyagers were carried by messengers of the great King.

At its head was placed, as I have said, the cross of the King's Son; and whoever reached that, and ended his voyage there, was safe to be transported into the Celestial City. From the island could be seen the domes and spires of the beautiful city, and the white-winged angels on its walls, as well as the multitudes drifting on the stream above, and the fearful end of so large a portion of their number down below.

Now at the Cross the companies of the saved were gathering. Thither, while I looked, Bertha and little Ida came steering. They had outridden the storm, and when the blessed sunshine returned, been cheered by the glorious bow of the covenant, spanning the waters. Warmed and renewed by the sunshine, they came to the last beacon of their voyage before the closing of the day. Thither also, somewhat later, Arthur came. Other voyagers had seen him alone on the river, but with prow turned toward the golden city, and they had cheered and helped him on his way. And now,

as they look toward the river, they see a boat struggling with the breakers of a difficult sea. A woman is within it, and as she gazes at the Cross upon the shore, she seems nerved with an energy beyond all her natural powers. It is poor, penitent Hilda; who now, by an almost superhuman effort with the oar, reaches the calmer water, and soon brings her vessel to the land. She flings herself at the foot of the Cross, sobbing as though her heart would break. And lo! as the dripping blood from that ancient Tree descends upon her form, the faded purple of her robes turns white again with the pure whiteness of her childhood, the rents and tatters close, the wildness passes from her eyes, and a look is on her face of calm and peaceful rest, to which her heart has long been a stranger. I have not time to tell you all she told Bertha; of the shock that tore Wilfrid from her side, of her grief, and her determination, even with her broken boat, to reach the island of refuge and of hope. Enough, she was there, beneath the Cross, and awaiting the further will of the Lord. Had even the sailors on the right shore gone past, refusing the Cross and neglecting it, the current that swept round the island would have carried them past the very gates of the golden city, by another way, to the brink of the same cataract over which the left hand channel led.

And now a great company was gathered on the island of refuge, and the King sent His messengers for them one by one. The first that was called was little Ida. It was the guardian angel of her whole day's pilgrimage, who now, at nightfall, coming from the face of her Father, took the child in his arms, and smiled away her fears.

'I am sorry to leave you, dearest Bertha,' said the child.

'Fear not,' replied the angel, 'you'll soon meet beyond the river—meet to part no more.'

'But tell me, dear Angel,' said she, 'shall I never have my darling boat again?'

'Yes,' said the Angel, 'the vessel of your life's voyage will be with you when you wake up in the heavenly land.'

Then the little one dropped her tired head upon his shoulder, and gently sleeping, was borne away toward the golden city. Then another and another was taken. Hilda, the penitent, scarce daring to lift her eyes to the pure face of her angel, hardly hoping to find entrance to the city of the King. Then Arthur, rejoicing to have reached the end of his struggles and his fears. And at last Bertha, the good and faithful, the wise and true, was called to enter the joy of her Lord.

As these, and others of the same live-voyage, entered the bright and golden city, a certain poet thus described the scene:

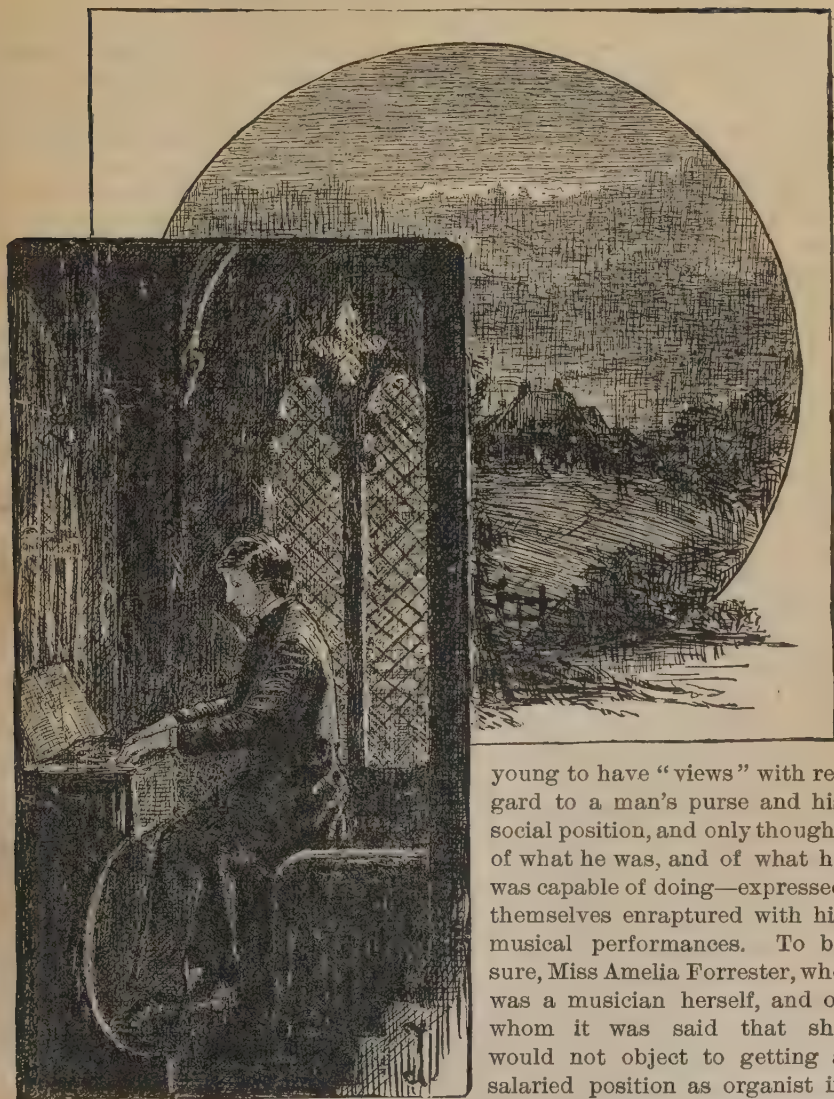
"There to welcome, Jesus waits,  
Gives the crowns His followers win;  
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!  
Let the little travellers in.  
All our earthly journey past,  
Every tear and pain gone by,  
We all meet again at last,  
At the portals of the sky.  
Each the welcome "Come!" awaits,  
Conquerors over Death and Sin;  
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!  
Let the little travellers in."

Two things are necessary for true glory, power and bounty; the former without the latter, causes terror; the second without the first, inspires contempt. Unite bounty and power, and you will win admiration; add power to bounty, and you will win love. All the miracles that Jesus wrought were favors, and all manifested His glory.



[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

## THE ORGANIST OF ST. STEPHEN'S.



How do you like our new organist? This was the question which passed from mouth to mouth among the members of St. Stephen's congregation; and the answer to the query was almost unanimously in his favor. Indeed, some of the young ladies—some of those who were decidedly too

young to have "views" with regard to a man's purse and his social position, and only thought of what he was, and of what he was capable of doing—expressed themselves enraptured with his musical performances. To be sure, Miss Amelia Forrester, who was a musician herself, and of whom it was said that she would not object to getting a salaried position as organist in some church, did not like the music at St. Stephen's at all. She declared that "there was a lack of expression in that young man's playing, which was positively appalling to any one who understood anything about music." Captain Jones, too, the one member of the music

committee who had voted against the young organist, "could not endure his playing"; but he was rather more quiet about the matter than Miss Amelia.

With these two exceptions Frederic Letchworth, the new organist, satisfied every one. Even the volunteer choir did their inevitable fault-finding rather with each other than with Mr. Letchworth; but if they had quarrelled with him it would hardly have made any difference with his feelings toward any of their number, for the reason, perhaps, that he was perfectly indifferent to them all.

'I'd like to know,' said Mrs. Barbour, the woman at whose house the young organist boarded, 'if there is any one he does care about. He always seems so lonely. He is the strangest young man I ever saw. He doesn't seem to think of anything but his music.'

This was the opinion of most of the St. Stephen's people who happened to become acquainted with him.

'Who was he? Where was he from? Had he any relatives? Any home? Any money?'

These were the questions repeatedly asked about him, but they remained unanswered so long, that finally the people got tired of asking them, and either let the object of their inquiries slip out of their minds altogether, or made up theories of their own as to his previous history. Some of these were very ingenious, and Frederic Letchworth awoke one morning to find himself a German baron in disguise, on another to hear himself described as a poor street boy, an orphan who had made his own way in the world; on another, as the son of some aristocratic family whose fallen fortunes had obliged him to utilize his remarkable talent, but whose pride forbade his disclosing his real position.

How near or how far from the truth these conjectures came, none of the interested inquirers knew, and Sunday after Sunday, as the great organ pealed forth its grand sweet harmonies, the listeners gradually forgot the musician, and allowed themselves to be carried where he would by the sweet notes of the instrument. Sweet indeed they were, and full of meaning, and each day of the week just at the twilight hour, whoever passed St. Stephen's old gray walls might have heard, had he only stopped to listen, stranger, sweeter sounds than were ever given to the congregation at service time.

Sometimes some one did stop to listen, standing within the church porch.

Once it was a weary old woman who found peace and rest in the soft low music, and once it was a man full of youthful ambitions, who listened to the rich mellow tones. They filled him with new desires, longings for something higher and better than he had wished before. But oftener it was poor little Miss Carlton, the hump-backed girl who made button-holes at Madam de Mofrat's dress-making establishment.

One evening little Miss Carlton stole into the church porch as she had done many a time before on her way home from work, but the music had more than its usual charm for her that evening, and as the notes deepened and then rang out clear and sweet, they seemed to have a fascination for her which she could not resist—which drew her almost unconsciously past the half opened door within the great solemn space. The organ rang out clearer and sweeter than ever, and then soft and low, and it seemed to little Miss Carlton that each note called up dear old memories of days long gone by.



When she reached her shabby little home, she greeted her mother with a more smiling expression than usual, though it was a smile which shone through tears.

‘What is it, Mary?’ said her mother. ‘You are late to-night, and something has happened.’

‘O Mother,’ said the girl, throwing herself down at her mother’s side, ‘it was the music again. O it was so—so sweet, and some way I could just see the dear old place again, as it used to look at twilight—our dear old home, Mother, and the trees and birds; and I knew it was time for the cows to come home—for the sun was going down behind the hill, and I could hear the brook splashing over the stones, and all the leaves stirring just as they used to do in the evening when the breeze came up; and then I heard the whip-poor-will away off in the woods, very faint, and very soft and low; and I thought of the night when I woke up and asked for Bob, and watched for him, and he did not come. The sun was going down when you told me about him. It all seemed so peaceful out of doors, but we could never be happy any more.’

Then the story of Bob’s boyhood, and of Bob’s disgrace, was told over again by these lonely women.

Poor Bob! the memory of whose faults was dimmed by the years that had passed since that time, so long ago, when he had left home forever—Bob, the proud, handsome boy, the pet and pride of the household, the only son, with his quiet, lazy ways. The two solitary women could almost see him now, as they talked together, while the darkness fell about them—could almost hear him sing, as he used to in his boyhood. He was so fond of music and poetry and flowers, and all that was delicate and

refined and beautiful. But O! that passionate temper of his; it had seemed as though he could never control it. Then the bitter end of his boyhood had come that day of his quarrel with one of the neighbors’ sons.

It had been Mary who had plead with her brother in the fight—she who had begged him to stop; and he had put out his arm to thrust her back, and she had fallen under the blow. Down, down the steep cliff fell the little girl, and lay there, senseless, at the bottom!

The whole dreadful scene came up before the mother now, as she thought it over—the time when Mary had been brought into the house, pale and unconscious—how they had thought at first that she had passed away into another life, and how she had awakened again in this world, only to hear the doctor pronounce the dreadful sentence ‘Deformed for life!’ The mother could hear again the father’s words when he had sent Bob from his home, telling him that he had ‘killed his sister’!

Bob had never returned, and one day Bob’s cap and handkerchief were picked up on the lake-shore, and the boy was never heard of again.

Mary had borne years of pain, and even now there were often marks of suffering upon her pale face.

The father had grown old and gray before his time, and had died a heart-broken man; and the little farm had been sold, and by degrees the small property had dwindled away, till there was little left. Then Mary and her mother had moved away from their old home—the scene of so much mingled happiness and sorrow; and now ‘Little Miss Carlton,’ as she was always called, was almost the sole support of her mother.

It was a sad, sad life for the poor

girl ; but now and then, as she stole in at the church door, and heard the sweet strains of the organ above in the gallery, she felt that there was some pleasure still in life, and sometimes, as now, that the sounds had a meaning which she alone could interpret.

Frederic Letchworth did not know that any one was listening to his music down by the door of the great empty church. He fancied that he was all alone, and his thoughts flew back to the past as his fingers wandered over the keys. He remembered the days of his boyhood at the old farm. The woods that stretched off far away behind the old-fashioned low-roofed house, the vines which clambered over the porch, and a thousand sweet home-like scenes rushed into his mind, and a sweet child-face looked out at him from the door. He grew cold, and shuddered at the thought. What was it? His fingers turned almost numb as he struck a minor chord, and the sound of agony, a despairing wail went forth and filled the great church, and the empty arches echoed and re-echoed the sound, and then the notes of the *Te Deum* rang forth in a clear tenor voice "O Lord, let Thy mercy be upon us, as our trust is in Thee," and then the voice trembled and died away, and the music ceased.

That night when the sexton came to open the church for Evening Prayer, he found the door unlocked, and though the gas had not been lighted, the organist was already at his post, with his fingers on the keys, but his last notes in this world had been played, and his last *Te Deum* sung.

There was much excitement among those who lived in the neighborhood and the doctor was called in, but called in vain. The next morning's paper contained the notice :

"Died, at St. Stephen's church, on the 11th inst., of heart disease, Frederic Letchworth. The funeral services will take place at St. Stephen's church to-morrow at two o'clock."

Frederic Letchworth was poor in this world's goods, and he left too little to make it worth while for Mrs. Barbour to advertise for relatives who might claim that little.

Among the few valueless articles which he had hoarded as his treasures, was a well worn Testament, torn and defaced, but the fly-leaf was still there, and bore the words "Robert Carlton, from his loving mother." But really there was nothing singular about that. It was an old book, and no one knew Robert Carlton. There were a dozen different ways in which it might have come into Frederic Letchworth's possession.

Little Miss Carlton begged leave of absence from her work the day of the young organist's funeral, and the poor lonely girl wept tears of real sorrow when the clergyman read the solemn words 'I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord ; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live ; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me, shall never die.'

The funeral procession passed out of the church, but little Miss Carlton stayed in her back seat, her face buried in her hands, till long after the rest had gone.

Some one touched her on the shoulder, and said in a gentle voice 'Aye, but I'm sorry for you, poor thing. Did you know him well?'

It was the sexton's wife who had come to close the church.

'No,' answered Mary, lifting her tear-stained face, 'I never saw him, but some way I felt as if I knew him, the music has been such a comfort to me these last two years ; and now we've nothing left, my mother and I, till we hear the music up above.'



[From the Cornhill Magazine.]

## TEACHING GRANDMOTHER.

Grandmother dear, you do not know; you have lived the old-world life,  
Under the twittering eaves of home, sheltered from storm and strife;  
Rocking cradles, and covering jams, knitting socks for baby feet,  
Or piecing together lavender bags for keeping the linen sweet:  
Daughter, wife, and mother in turn, and each with a blameless breast,  
Then saying your prayers when the nightfall came, and quietly dropping to rest.

You must not think, Granny, I speak in scorn, for yours have been well-spent days,  
And none ever paced with more faithful feet the dutiful ancient ways.  
Grandfather's gone, but while he lived you clung to him close and true,  
And mother's heart, like her eyes, I know, came to her straight from you.  
If the good old times, at the good old pace, in the good old grooves would run,  
One could not do better, I'm sure of that, than do as you all have done.

But the world has wondrously changed, Granny, since the days when you were young;  
It thinks quite different thoughts from then, and speaks with a different tongue.  
The fences are broken, the cords are snapped, that tethered man's heart to home;  
He ranges free as the wind or the wave, and changes his shore like the foam.  
He drives his furrows through fallow seas, he reaps what the breakers sow,  
And the flash of his iron flail is seen mid the barns of the barren snow.

He has lassoed the lightning and led it home, he has yoked it unto his need,  
And made it answer the rein, and trudge as straight as the steer or steed.  
He has bridled the torrents and made them tame, he has bitted the champing tide;  
It toils as his drudge and turns the wheels that spin for his use and pride.  
He handles the planets and weighs their dust, he mounts on the comet's ear,  
And he lifts the veil of the sun and stares in the eyes of the uttermost star.

'Tis not the same world you knew, Granny; its fetters have fallen off;  
The lowliest now may rise and rule where the proud used to sit and scoff.  
No need to boast of a scutcheoned stock, claim rights from an ancient wrong;  
All are born with a silver spoon in their mouths whose gums are sound and strong.  
And I mean to be rich and great, Granny; I mean it with heart and soul;  
At my feet is the ball—I will roll it on, till it spins through the golden goal.

Out on the thought that my copious life should trickle in trivial days,  
Myself but a lonelier sort of beast, watching the cattle graze,  
Scanning the year's monotonous change, or gaping at wind and rain,  
And hanging with meek, solicitous eyes on the whims of a creaking vane;  
Wretched if ewes drop single lambs, blest so is oil-cake cheap,  
And growing old in a tedious round of worry, surfeit, and sleep!

You dear old Granny, how sweet your smile, and how soft your silvery hair!  
But all has moved on while you sat still in your cap and easy-chair.  
The torch of knowledge is lit for all, it flashes from hand to hand;  
The alien tongues of the earth converse, and whisper from strand to strand.  
The very churches are changed, and boast new hymns, new rites, new truth;  
Men worship a wiser and greater God than the half-known God of your youth.

What! marry Connie and set up house, and dwell where my fathers dwelt,  
Giving the homely feasts they gave, and kneeling where they knelt?  
She is pretty, and good, and void I am sure of vanity, greed, or guile;  
But she has not travelled nor seen the world, and is lacking in air and style.  
Women now are as wise and strong as men, and vie with men in renown;  
The wife that will help to build my fame was not bred near a country town.

What a notion! to figure at parish boards, and wrangle o'er cess and rate,  
I, who mean to sit for the county yet, and vote on an empire's fate;  
To take the chair at the farmer's feasts, and tickle their bumpkin ears,  
Who must shake a senate before I die, and waken a people's cheers!  
In the olden days was no choice, so sons to the roof of their fathers clave:  
But now! 'twere to perish before one's time, and to sleep in a living grave.

I see that you do not understand. How should you? Your memory clings  
To the simple music of silenced days and the skirts of vanishing things.  
Your fancy wanders round ruined haunts, and dwells upon oft-told tales;  
Your eyes discern not the widening dawn, nor your ears catch the rising gales.  
But live on, Granny, till I come back, and then perhaps you will own  
The dear old Past is an empty nest, and the Present the brood that is flown.

## GRANDMOTHER'S TEACHING.

And so, my dear, you've come back at last? I always fancied you would.  
Well, you see the old home of your childhood's days is standing where it stood.  
The roses still clamber from porch to roof, the elder is white at the gate,  
And over the long, smooth gravel-path the peacock still struts in state.  
On the gabled lodge, as of old, in the sun, the pigeons sit and coo,  
And our hearts, my dear, are no whit more changed, but have kept still warm for you.

You'll find little altered, unless it be me, and that since my last attack;  
But so that you only give me time, I can walk to the church and back.  
You bade me not die till you returned, and so you see I lived on;  
I'm glad that I did, now you've really come, but it's almost time I was gone.  
I suppose that there isn't room for us all, and the old should depart the first.  
That's but as it should be. What is sad, is to bury the dead you've nursed.

Won't you take something at once, my dear? Not even a glass of whey?  
The dappled Alderney calved last week, and the baking is fresh to-day.  
Have you lost your appetite too in town, or is it you've grown over-nice?  
If you'd rather have biscuits and cowslip wine, they'll bring them up in a trice.  
But what am I saying? Your coming down has set me all in a maze;  
I forgot that you travelled down by train; I was thinking of coaching days.

There, sit you down, and give me your hand, and tell me about it all,  
From the day that you left us, keen to go, to the pride that had a fall.  
And all went well at the first? So it does, when we're young and puffed with hope;  
But the foot of the hill is quicker reached the easier seems the slope.  
And men thronged round you, and women too? Yes, that I can understand.  
When there's gold in the palm, the greedy world is eager to grasp the hand.

I heard them tell of your smart town house, but I always shook my head.  
One doesn't grow rich in a year and a day, in the time of my youth 'twas said.  
Men do not reap in the Spring, my dear, nor are granaries filled in May,  
Save it be with the harvest of former years, stored up for a rainy day.  
The seasons will keep their own true time, you can hurry nor furrow nor sod:  
It's honest labor and steadfast thrift that alone are blest by God.

You say you were honest. I trust you were, nor do I judge you, my dear:  
I have old-fashioned ways, and it's quite enough to keep one's own conscience clear.  
But still the commandment "Thou shalt not steal," though a simple and ancient rule,  
Was not made for complex cunning to balk, nor for any new age to befool;  
And if my growing rich unto others brought but penury, chill, and grief,  
I should feel, though I never had fleeced with my hands, I was only a craftier thief.

That isn't the way they look at it there? All worshipped the rising sun?  
Most of all the fine lady, in pride of purse you fancied your heart had won.  
I don't want to hear of her beauty or birth: I reckon her foul and low;  
Far better a steadfast cottage wench than grand loves that come and go.  
To cleave to their husbands through weal, through woe, is all women have to do:  
In growing as clever as men, they seem to have matched them in fickleness too.

But there's one in whose heart has your image still dwelt through many an absent day,  
As the scent of a flower will haunt a closed room, though the flower be taken away.  
Connie's not quite so young as she was, no doubt, but faithfulness never grows old;  
And were beauty the only fuel of love, the warmest hearth soon would grow cold.  
Once you thought that she had not travelled, and knew neither the world nor life:  
Not to roam, but to deem her own hearth the whole world, that's what a man wants in a wife.

I'm sure you'd be happy with Connie, at least if your own heart's in the right place.  
She will bring you nor power, nor station, nor wealth, but she never will bring you disgrace.  
They say that the moon, though she moves round the sun, never turns to him morning or  
But one face of her sphere, and it must be because she's so true a satellite; [night  
And Connie, if into your orbit once drawn by the sacrament sanctioned above,  
Would revolve round you constantly, only to show the one-sided aspect of love.

You will never grow rich by the land, I own; but, if Connie and you should wed,  
It will feed your children and household too, as it you and your fathers fed.  
The seasons have been unkindly of late; there's a wonderful cut of hay,  
But the showers have washed all the goodness out, till it's scarcely worth carting away.  
There's a fairish promise of barley-straw, but the ears look rusty and slim:  
I suppose God intends to remind us thus that something depends on Him.

God neither progresses nor changes, dear, as I once heard you rashly say:  
Men's schools and philosophies come and go, but His Word doth not pass away.  
We worship Him here as we did of old, with simple and reverent rite:  
In the morning we pray Him to bless our work, to forgive our transgressions at night.  
To keep His Commandments, to fear His name, and what should be done, to do—  
That's the beginning of wisdom still; I suspect 'tis the end of it too.



You must see the new-fangled machines at work, that harrow, and thresh, and reap ;  
They're wonderful quick, there's no mistake, and they say in the end they're cheap.  
But they make such a clatter, and seem to bring the rule of the town to the fields ;  
There's something more precious in country life than the balance of wealth it yields.  
But that seems going ; I'm sure I hope that I shall be gone before ;  
Better poor sweet silence of rural toil than the factory's opulent roar.

They're a mighty saving of labor, though ; so at least I hear them tell,  
Making fewer hands and fewer mouths, but fewer hearts as well ;  
They sweep up so close that there's nothing left for widows and bairns to glean ;  
If machines are growing like men, man seems to be growing a half machine.  
There's no friendliness left ; the only tie is the wage upon Saturday nights ;  
Right used to mean duty ; you'll find that now there's no duty, but only rights.

Still stick to your duty, my dear, and then things cannot go much amiss.  
What made folks happy in bygone times will make them happy in this.  
There's little that's called amusement here ; but why should the old joys pall ?  
Has the blackbird ceased to sing loud in Spring ? Has the cuckoo forgotten to call ?  
Are bleating voices no longer heard when the cherry-blossoms swarm ?  
And have home and children and fireside lost one gleam of their ancient charm ?

Come, let us go round ; to the farmyard first, with its litter of fresh-strewn straw,  
Past the ash-tree dell, round whose branching tops the young rooks wheel and caw ;  
Through the ten-acre mead that was mown the first, and looks well for aftermath,  
Then round by the beans—I shall tire by then—and home up the garden-path,  
Where the peonies hang their blushing heads, where the larkspur laughs from its stalk—  
With my stick and your arm I can manage. But see ! There, Connie comes up the walk.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

[From the Leisure Hour.]

### LORD LINDSEY'S SWORD.

BY CRONA TEMPLE.

Did ever you hear of him—the good Lord Lindsey, who lost his life nearly two hundred and forty years ago, when wars between the King and Parliament were soiling English fields with English blood ?

He was an old man then—too blunt and true to care much for the arguments and wranglings that were distracting the land. 'God and the king' had been his motto in the days when England was rejoicing that she had been saved from popery, violence, and wrong, when James of Scotland succeeded in peace to Elizabeth's throne, when the dread of war had died away, and hope was bright and times were fair. 'God and the king' was his motto when James's son sat sadly in the palace at Whitehall, when war-clouds were gathering darkly once again, on the one side being hate, rebellion, distrust, on the other the wavering will, the blinded judgment of the man who was too weak to be a king in those dark days.

And old Lord Lindsey buckled on his armor, called to his boys to follow him to the field, judging it to be but plain and simple duty to lay down his life, if need be, for his master's cause. To others he left disputes

and wordy arguments, taking as his own part to fight and to obey.

It was late in October when the royal army reached the borders of Warwickshire on its march Londonwards from Nottingham and Shrewsbury. The forces of the Parliament, under Lord Essex, were pressing on behind, and at the little town of Kington they halted for a night, knowing the king's troops could not be far off. They were right. Lord Lindsey commanding the guards, Prince Rupert with his fiery cavalry, and King Charles himself, surrounded by the friends who were still devoted to him, were encamped upon Edgehill, the last spur of the western highlands which run into England's central plain.

'Your majesty may fight if you choose,' Prince Rupert said, glancing eagerly across the fields towards the brown lines of the Parliament's troops.

'It would be best to let *them* attack *us*,' muttered old Lindsey in reply. 'Ours is the best place ; let the jackdaws come to peck at the eagle if they want to feel his claws.'

But Prince Rupert desired open ground for his horse ; and besides, waiting suited him ill at any time.

He urged the king to let him 'stir up the rebels to see how their courage burned.'

Northampton, too, the faithful royalist who had brought every man that he could command, or that he could hire, to fight for King Charles—he, too, counselled that there should be no further delay. 'Your majesty may crush the rebels at one blow, perchance,' he said; 'and it will be the best mercy to your people in the end.'

So old Lord Lindsey held his peace; true he shook his head as he watched the Autumn sun flash and quiver on the gilded spear supporting the royal banner. Was it not a sorry thing to bear that new bright silken sheet down into the plains to be riddled with shot, and maybe to be soiled with mire and gore? The King, at least, ought to hold his ground upon Edgehill.

Lindsey looked at his master. Charles was paler even than usual, and the dark melancholy eyes were hollow from sleeplessness and fatigue.

'God knows,' he said, 'it costs me sore to shed my children's blood to-day.'

Then some trace of the old Plantagenet fire flashed out as he said to the officers standing round, 'The sun shines—a fair omen! Comelife, come death, your King will bear you company.'

The word was given, and Prince Rupert's cavaliers dashed gaily down the hill, charging the enemy with such force that the Parliament-men broke and fled, pursued across the stubble-fields by the fierce captain who gave and asked no quarter.

And on the slopes of Edgehill Lord Lindsey stood and looked upon the scene. 'Rash lad!' he said, below his breath; 'he leaves us here matched against fearful odds, while he rides off upon his game of death.'

Then he lifted the plumed cap from his forehead, and turned away his head. His men stood silently in their ranks, awaiting his signal to advance; but it was hardly of his men that the veteran was thinking then.

He bowed his knee upon the grass, and simply and earnestly he uttered the prayer that has become famous.

'My God,' he said, in brief and homely soldier-phrase, 'I shall be busy this day, and 'tis likely enough

that I shall forget Thee, but do not Thou forget me.'

He rose to his feet and placed his cap again upon his long grey hair, then drawing his sword—the sword that lies now in the Manor-house hard by—he waved it in the air and cried 'Forward!' and Lindsey's regiments moved out in battle-array to fight and to die for King Charles.

It was a piteous thing to see those brave men slaying their own kith and kin,—those soldiers fighting with rage in their hearts, and bitter words upon their lips, and fighting because their leaders misused and mistook the meaning of the words 'liberty,' 'rights,' and 'privilege,'—because the Parliament would not be patient, and the King would not give way.

The fight at Edgehill lasted all the chill October day. Prince Rupert had galloped so far that when he returned he found the fortunes of the field almost beyond his power to mend. King Charles was defended but by a hundred troopers, without even an equerry to ride at his bridle-rein or a staff officer to carry his orders. Northumberland was trying in vain to rally his thinned and broken regiments, and Lord Lindsey had fallen, sorely wounded, at the head of the guards.

Rupert's headlong rashness had cost his cause dear. Instead of a victory, there was at best but a drawn battle.

The standard itself had been seized by young Middleton, who commanded a small party of horse, and the banner bearing the royal leopards and the fleur-de-lis was hastily torn from its pole and carried to Lord Essex. Lindsey's hawk-like eye had seen it fall, and uttering his war-cry, once more he called up his men to the rescue. It was too late; a bullet found its way beneath the plates of his armor, the strong right hand trembled and lost its hold, and Lord Lindsey's sword fell from his grasp upon the blood-stained turf.

His sons were near him when he got his deadly wound. One caught him in his arms, and the other stood at bay. But the battle-tide had swept on; the royalist troops had hurried sharply to the right, striving to obey their general's last command—to defend the King and to regain the stand-



ard. No help was near to Lord Lindsey and his gallant boys; and what could they three do against five hundred foes?

Ralph Lindsey died at his father's feet. Young Edward, shielding him with his body, looked dumbly up at Sir William Balfour, who was commanding the troop of Parliamentary horse.

'You are my prisoners,' Balfour cried, touched at the sight of the brave boy's grief. 'Give up your sword, and all will yet be well.'

Lord Lindsey, weak and scarcely conscious, yet strove to protest against what he termed dishonor; but as he lifted his head to speak, his strength failed him, and he swooned away on Edward's shoulder.

They bore him from the field reverently enough. Balfour knew well the worth of his prize. King Charles's best general, his oldest, wisest councillor, was a prisoner worth the taking and the guarding. But Edward felt sadly sure that the Parliament-men could not keep their prisoner long.

He heard him muttering brokenly, and he stopped to listen to the feeble words. Was he wandering in his mind? or what was it that he meant?

'Remember me!' he said. 'Yes, Thou hast not forgotten. Fighting—fighting—all the long life through; and now—and now the peace has come.'

Edward leaned over him until the boy's golden-brown locks touched the old man's grey head.

'Father!' he cried through his choking sobs.

The glazing eyes opened widely.

'Edward, good son, all is right at last. I forgot God many a time; but see! He has remembered!'

The voice rang out with all its old clear energy, and the boy followed the gesture of the uplifted hand, half expecting to catch some glimpse of what his father saw. They were entering the portals of Warwick Castle, the place which Balfour and Essex thought would be a safe prison for their prize. As the wagon in which they were rumbled across the drawbridge, Edward could see the rosy tints of the coming dawn flushing in the east.

Only the dawn. Had his father's dying eyes seen more?

The wagon halted. The troopers of the Parliament stepped forward; but they had no prisoner there excepting the fair-haired boy. Lord Lindsey was dead.

Amongst the gory heaps upon the battle-field they found Lord Lindsey's sword—the sword which is a treasured relic still. And through these many score of years the memory is yet green of the brave soldier, the earnest, simple-hearted Christian man, whom God called to Himself from the midst of that strife and anger and woe upon the slope of Edgehill.

#### A BISHOP'S TRIBUTE TO HIS MOTHER.

Distributing the prizes at the Reighley School of Science and Art, the Bishop of Manchester lately remarked that parents should not send their children out into the world too soon. His father, who had a very active mind, invested his means in the iron-stone mines in the Forest of Dean. That investment turned out unfortunate, and his father died, he feared, a broken-hearted man. They were a family of seven, and he (the Bishop) was then fourteen years of age. His mother was not clever, but would have done anything she could for her children. She said "I cannot give these lads large fortunes, but by denying myself and living quietly I can give them a good education." Three of his brothers went out to India—one fell in the Mutiny, and another was now at the head of a department of public works in India, where he had a good situation, and was doing a good work. They knew what he (the Bishop) was. He ventured to say that, if all his brothers and sisters were alive, they would rise up and call their dear mother blessed for the sacrifices she made that they might have careers. By God's providence he had that mother still spared to him. She was now paralyzed, speechless, and helpless, but every day, when he went into her bedroom and looked on her sweet face, he thought gratefully of all he owed her, for what he was, and what he had been enabled to do.

## Editor's Portfolio.

The papers have much to say of a curious transaction at the Vatican. The late fashionable rage for old chinaware has led dealers to search all out-of-the-way nooks and corners for specimens. It has long been known that some curious and valuable relics were in existence at the Pope's Summer residence. A dealer bargained for them for 21,000 francs. Having secured possession, he sold them to the Duke della Verdura for about twice that sum. Thereupon a commotion was raised by the papers, on the ground that the sale was illegal, being in violation of the "Guarantee Law," which limits the power of the Vatican in regard to the national wealth in its possession. A disposition in the same law peremptorily forbids the selling of such art collection, or of any part thereof, as may be extant in the palaces and other appurtenances reserved for the Holy See and its dependents. It is claimed by the adherents of the Vatican that the objects in question are neither a collection nor a part thereof, according to the spirit of the law, and that therefore the transaction was perfectly legitimate. But the excitement created in consequence of the transaction, was such that the attention of the Government was directed to it. The Director-General of the Police visited the ducal palace, and at length the officers of the Roman Court were summoned to investigate the affair. Meantime a messenger from the Pope visited the Duke, begging him to kindly dissolve the contract, and return to the Vatican the china which had caused the commotion, and saying that his Holiness would pay him the price he had himself expended. The Duke declared that out of courtesy to the Vatican,

he would surrender the articles in question, provided that a written request should be forwarded to him from the Pope. The Marquis of Baviera returned to the Vatican for this document; but previous to his arrival, the officers of the Court, provided with an order from the Attorney-General, seized the china and conveyed it to the Court, despite the Duke's protest against the irregularity of the proceeding. They were afterwards returned to the Vatican, and the Duke received from the Pope the sum which he had paid for the ware. And now the question comes up, whether by this action the Pope intended to recognize the "Law of Guarantees," which his predecessor persistently refused to do, or merely desired to escape further annoyance.

An old custom was recently observed by her Majesty, Queen Victoria, at the Royal Almonry. It was the distribution of what is known as Her Majesty's Alms. Prior to the early part of last century, it was the custom to bestow royal alms weekly at the Palace gate. But since 1712 the practice has been to give them at Christmas and at Easter. The recipients at the last distribution numbered 1,168, of whom 1,000 received five shillings, and 168 thirteen shillings, each. The candidates in the present year, says *The London Times*, were selected by the Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor (Lord High Almoner), and the Rev. Canon E. R. Wilberforce (Sub-Almoner to the Queen), assisted by Mr. John Hanby (Secretary and Yeoman of her Majesty's Almonry in Ordinary), who in turn was aided by the valuable coöperation of the rectors and vicars of the parishes in London and its envi-



rons, and also a few who minister in country parishes. On the lists is the name of one poor woman who has attained the age of 101 years, and there are those of others whose period of life has ranged from 80 to 96 years; besides which, more than half of the persons benefited are either blind, lame, paralyzed, or otherwise sadly afflicted.

A correspondent of *The Living Church* complains of the propagation of the falsehood with regard to Henry VIII. and the English Church, through means of the duplicity of historians. He might have added that that story is circulated by none more zealously than those who certainly ought to have education enough to know better—the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church. ‘The statement is made by Macaulay (who, thank fortune! is to be succeeded by Green as the authorized English historian) that the English Church was “established” by Henry VIII. This, in one sense, is true enough. But the duplicity, amounting to downright falsehood, appears when we remember that not one out of a thousand persons who read this statement, knows the difference between the Establishment and the founding of the Church. On a certain occasion, a young girl whom I was preparing for Confirmation came with tears in her eyes, saying that her public-school teacher had told her that Henry VIII. *founded* the Episcopal Church. I called for her public-school history, and found it stated that Elizabeth caused the Establishment of the Church. This falsehood, then, is being disseminated through the agency of our public schools also. The teachers themselves, in nearly every instance, are ignorant of the distinction between the origination

and the “establishing” of the Church. Her origin began in the ages of the heathen persecution, more than 1600 years ago; her shameless “Establishment” occurred 300 years ago.’

The franking privilege in this country was abolished some years ago, on account of its abuse. The mails were made to carry freight and express matter. *The Antiquary* gives a list of some old-time abuses of the privilege in England. A witness employed by the Postoffice gave evidence before a Parliamentary Committee that among other ridiculous articles which had been sent through the Postoffice free, were “Fifteen couple of hounds to the King of the Romans”; “Two maid-servants, going out as laundresses to my Lord Ambassador Methuen”; “Doctor Crichton, carrying out with him a cow and divers other necessaries”; “A box of medicine for my Lord Galway, in Portugal”; “A deal-case, with flitches of bacon, for Mrs. Pennington of Rotterdam”; and “Two bales of stockings for the Ambassador to the Court of Portugal.” These, however, were all Government franks; but as at that early period no limit was put to the size or weight of Parliamentary franks, there is no reason for doubting the assertion that live deer, haunches of venison, pianos, &c., had been sent free through the post by Members of both Houses of Parliament.

It seems that all those interesting and wonderful stories about snake-charming in India, will have to be set aside as untrustworthy. They who told them were but giving the testimony of their eyesight, but their eyes deceived them. A writer in *Nature* became convinced that snake-charming was a fraud, and resolved to test the skill of one of the operators.

The Indian sounded his rude bagpipe before the prostrate trunk of a tree; but the eyes of our informant were fixed closely upon him, and no serpent appeared. A second attempt is thus described:

"He now took the lead, and drew up before a tempting-looking hole in a bank, where he felt sure he could seduce a snake. 'Very well,' said I, and we formed a semi-circle, in the middle of which he stood, and resumed his incantations. Suddenly, to divert my gaze, he pointed to the hole, and exclaimed 'Dekho, Sahib' [Look, Master], and in a moment extracted (apparently) a cobra from it. But he did not see that in that moment I had observed his hand, like a lightning-flash, extract a snake from the folds of his pugree, and simultaneously appear to extract it from the hole. The *modus operandi* was clever legerdemain, but unmistakable cheating. One of my servants saw the trick, too, and was about to exclaim, but I silenced him with a gesture, and appeared convinced at the marvel. 'Now,' said I, 'as you have found the snake, you must prove to me that it is poisonous.' And so a poor chicken was sent for, and placed under a coop with the snake; but here again the snake-charmer overdid his performance: for dislocating the chicken's neck with his finger and thumb as he placed it under the coop, he immediately raised it, and exhibited the poor animal dead. If it had been struck by the snake, ten or fifteen minutes would have elapsed before death."

*The Burlington Hawkeye* in the following piece of advice to a young man, puts forth its wit to some purpose:

My son, don't be in too great a hurry to accept "advanced opinions." It is "the thing" to be "advanced" in this progressive day and generation, but there's a heap of shallowness in it. Did you never notice, my son, that the man who tells you he cannot believe the Bible, is usually able to believe almost anything else? You will find men, my son, who turn with horror and utter disbelief of the Bible and joyfully embrace the teach-

ings of Buddha. It is quite the thing just now, my son, for a civilized, enlightened man, brought up in a Christian country and an age of wisdom, to be a Buddhist. And if you ask six men who profess Buddhism who Buddha was, one of them will tell you he was an Egyptian soothsayer, who lived two hundred years before Moses. Another will tell you he brought letters from Phœnicia and introduced them in Greece; a third will tell you that she was a beautiful woman of Farther India, bound by her vows to perpetual chastity; a fourth will, with little hesitation, say he was a Brahma of the ninth degree and a holy disciple of Confucius; and of the other two, one will frankly admit that he doesn't know, and the other will say with some indecision that he was either a dervish of the Nile (whatever that is) or a *felo de se*, he can't be positive which.

Before you propose to know more than anybody and everybody else, my son, be very certain that you are at least abreast of two-thirds of your fellow-men. I don't want to suppress any inclination you may have toward genuine free thought and careful, honest investigation, my son. I only want you to avoid the great fault of atheism in this day and generation; I don't want to see you try to build a six-story house on a one-story foundation. Before you criticise, condemn and finally revise the work of creation, my son, be pretty confident that you know something about it as it is, and don't—as a man who is older in years and experience than yourself, let me implore you—don't turn this world upside down and sit down upon it, and flatten it entirely out, until you have made or secured another one for the rest of us to live in while you demolish the old one. If ever you should develop into an "advanced" atheist, my son, just do that much for the rest of us.

*The London News* lately speaking of the celebrated M. Ferry's bill before the French Assembly, uses some very strong language with regard to the want of education among French priests:

One would think that priests and



monks, to say nothing of nuns, had been subjected to a cruel slight, and were about to undergo a grievous wrong—the simple fact being that M. Ferry's bill proposes that the State should exact some guarantees in future as to the proficiency of persons in Holy Orders, whether secular or regular, who desire to teach the young. Such guarantees will appear the more necessary when one examines what sort of persons French priests, lay-brothers, and monks habitually are; and when one has the moral courage candidly to admit the fact that a more ignorant corporation than that which these pious people form in the aggregate does not exist. Comparing them with the members of other educated professions—doctors, officers, lawyers, architects, engineers, chemists, or even with journalists—their standard of general attainments is so low, that supposing one were to draw at hazard the names of ten priests out of the 60,000 in France, and pit them against an equal number drawn by lot from any of the other professions, the chances are a hundred to one that the priests would be nonplused in a competitive examination. Intelligent friends of the Church are the first to admit this wide-spread ignorance, so that others may bear witness to the fact without fear. The learned Vicar-General of the Diocese of Orleans, the Abbé Bougaud, has written a pamphlet to bewail the low condition to which the Church has fallen by reason of its priests being no longer recruited from among the upper classes, but almost entirely from the peasantry; Cardinal Bonnechose of Rouen (himself an educated man, for he was a distinguished advocate before becoming a priest,) has in more than one printed charge to his clergy exhorted them to study, in order that they may place themselves on a level with well-taught laymen; Cardinal Guibert of Paris, in an outburst of unusual frankness, once said that the science taught in the seminaries was mere childishness; and the new Archbishop of Amiens, while he was Bishop of Gan, declared that he had not a priest in his diocese who could bandy words successfully on any point of politics with a country doctor. A year or two ago, when M. Ernest Renan came forward as a

candidate for the Academy, the ranks of the upper clergy were in vain searched for a Christian champion who could stand forth against the "infidel," and in the end the Catholics were fain to rally their votes round M. Wallon, who is a Protestant, and who, by the by, got defeated in the contest. It would be unfair to say that there are no men of talent among the French clergy, but at the present moment there are no men of world-wide, or even national, fame. Among that huge number of priests—among 60,000 men who enjoy more facilities for study than any other class of persons—there is not a Bishop or priest who is renowned as a historian, poet, writer, archæologist, mathematician, or exponent of natural science. Nay, since the death of Mgr. Dupanloup, the Church has not one first-class orator.

Our contemporaries are beginning to understand us. They perceive that THE CHURCH MONTHLY is not started with the design of competing with, supplanting or opposing any Church publication. Its sphere is different from any, as are its aims. Our theory is that the Church has its roots in the family. If we succeed in reaching and influencing for good *the family*, we are accomplishing more for the Church of Christ than if we reached scholars and divines, however learned and influential. Yet this does not by any means imply that there are no learned scholars and divines in families. We mean that each number shall contain one or more articles either original or selected, which shall be solid and thoughtful, but we shall take very good care that they shall be *readable*—neither dull nor prosy. In having a department for the Sunday-school, it is not presumed that this will be of interest to teachers and pupils only. The comments are written with a view to the benefit of all who read and wish to understand the Scriptures. All good Churchmen should be interested in the accounts

of the holy days in each month. Any one of our contemporaries, standing itself upon the ruins of previous failures, and reading us a lesson of warning, from the fact that monthlies have not been successful in the Church, may feel comforted by the reflection that a real want will in time be felt ; and that which proves itself capable of supplying the want, will be sought.

**NEW YORK CITY.**—On Sunday evening, Jan. 18th, in Calvary church, Bishop Coxe made a powerful appeal in behalf of Foreign Missions, with special reference to the work in Mexico.—The Rev. Dr. Gallaher, Bishop-elect of Louisiana, preached his farewell sermon in Zion church on Sunday, Jan. 11th.—The fifteenth annual report of the Board of Trustees of the Sheltering Arms, states that during the year applications have been made for the reception of 251 girls and 192 boys. Of these, 37 girls and 32 boys were received. There are now 135 in the institution. On account of the great pressure for admission, it has been decided to send about one-half of the inmates to homes. The amount received has been \$36,305.11, of which \$13,600 were from legacies.—On Sunday, Jan. 18th, in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Mr. E. Warren Clark was ordained deacon by the Right Rev. Bishop Clark of Rhode Island.—Mrs. J. J. Astor sent out recently, from the office of the Children's Aid Society, a "New Year's party" of 100 homeless children to homes in the West and South, at an expense of \$1,500. This makes, during seven years, a total number of 677 homeless children whom Mrs. Astor has placed in homes, mainly in the West, at an expense of \$9,750. Many of these lads have now grown up, having farms of their own, and are doing

well in the world.—A new corona with sixty lights, the gift of Mr. Charles T. Contoit, has been placed in St. Paul's chapel.

**LONG ISLAND.**—A boy choir has been established in St. James' church, Newtown (the Rev. Samuel Cox, D.D., rector).—The annual Epiphany Missionary meeting was held at St. Ann's church on the 19th of January.—The Bishop of the Diocese confirmed 14 in Grace church, Jamaica, on Sunday, January 25th.

**ALBANY.**—At the Sunday-school Christmas festival in St. John's church, Delhi, (the Rev. E. B. Russell rector,) a most beautiful alms-dish of gold was presented to the parish by Mr. and Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry of New York.—The offerings in St. George's church, Schenectady, on Christmas day reached the sum of \$4,000, which was more than sufficient to pay the debt of the parish. On St. Stephen's day a memorial window to one of the teachers was unveiled in the Sunday-school room.—The annual Convention met in St. Paul's church, Albany, on Tuesday, January 13th. The Bishop's address gives the following statistics : confirmed, 1,086 ; clergy removed 12, received 12, ordained (6 priests and 4 deacons) 10, present number 119 ; candidates for holy orders (for the diaconate 13, for the priesthood 11), 24 ; lay readers, 11 ; churches consecrated, 3 ; cornerstones laid, 2.

**CENTRAL NEW YORK.**—Bishop Huntington recently issued a pastoral letter to the clergy, inviting them to a clerical retreat, to be held in the buildings of St. John's School, Manlius, during the vacation at that institution. Accordingly, about fifty of the clergy responded to the call. The suggestions of the pastoral, that the occasion be not social, but one for



mutual counsel, retirement, private meditation, and spiritual improvement, were carried out. There was an early morning Communion, and three times a day the Bishop, sitting in his chair, made an address of about an hour in length. At the close of the gathering a Minute was unanimously adopted by the clergy, expressing to the Bishop their hearty appreciation of his labors for the deepening of their spiritual life, and praying that full fruit might be realized from the precious seed sown during this season of retirement and devotion.—Mrs. Wetmore of Holland Patent has bequeathed to the House of the Good Shepherd, Utica, \$5,000; and to St. Paul's church, Holland Patent, \$3,000.

WESTERN NEW YORK.—In St. Paul's Cathedral, Buffalo, the anniversary services of the Church Charity Foundation were held on Holy Innocents' day. During the year 85 beneficiaries have been provided for. There are now 51 orphans inmates of the institution. The total amount of subscriptions in 1879, was \$2,933.22.—The Church Home of Geneva has just received a donation of \$10,000 from Mr. J. T. Swift of New York.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Emmanuel church, Boston, contemplates the establishment of a mission. A series of experimental services are to be held in St. Mary's Church for Seamen, during the Winter.—A course of lectures on Church History is to be delivered in Trinity Chapel during the Winter, by Prof. A. V. G. Allen of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge.

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY.—The Rev. Dr. T. A. Starkey was consecrated Bishop of Northern New Jersey, in Grace church, Newark, on Friday, Jan. 9, Bishop Clark of Rhode Island acting as consecrator, and Bishop Lit-

tlejohn preaching the sermon. The other Bishops present were Drs. Scarborough, Howe of Central Pennsylvania, Vail, and Seymour.

NEW JERSEY.—On Thursday, Dec. 18th, Bishop Scarborough visited St. John's Academy, Haddonfield, and confirmed sixteen persons, of whom twelve were pupils of the Academy, and four of St. Agnes' Hall.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.—On Friday, Dec. 19th, in Christ Cathedral, Reading, the Rev. J. P. B. Pendleton, deacon, was ordained priest.

MARYLAND.—On Sunday, Dec. 28th, in Trinity church, Upper Marlborough, the Rev. John G. Gautt, deacon, of Anne Arundel county, was ordained priest.

VIRGINIA.—On Sunday, Jan. 11th, in St. Paul's church, Richmond, Mr. Job Turner, a deafmute, was ordained to the diaconate by Bishop Whittle. Dr. Gallaudet was present, and interpreted the services to the deafmutes in attendance. The sermon, by the Rev. Dr. Minnegerode, was interpreted in like manner.

NORTH CAROLINA.—On the 6th of January, in Edenton the cornerstone of a new church for the use of colored people was laid. The building is to be named the Church of St. John the Evangelist.—Christ church, Raleigh, celebrated its semi-centennial on the 11th of January.

NORTHERN TEXAS.—On Sunday, Jan. 4th, in the Cathedral at Dallas, Herman B. Dean, formerly a minister among the Congregationalists, was ordained deacon.

MISSOURI.—Dec. 5th, in St. James' church, Macon, Bishop Robertson ordained Mr. Asa A. Abbott deacon.—A course of lectures is to be delivered in St. Louis on Sunday nights on Christianity and Judaism.

OHIO.—The matriculation of the students of Kenyon College took place at Gambier on the 8th of January.

WESTERN MICHIGAN.—Jan. 14 Bishop Gillespie confirmed five in Hartford and fifteen in New Buffalo.

MINNESOTA.—On Sunday, Dec. 28th, in Houston County Mission (the Rev. S. B. Cowdrey missionary), the Bishop confirmed twelve persons.

FOREIGN.—The Rev. Pelham Dale, rector of St. Vedast, Foster Lane, who has been censured for his ritualistic practices, has determined that if he cannot have his favorite routine of vestments, genuflexions, &c., his parishioners shall not have the Communion at all. Accordingly, since August, 1878, there has been no administration of the Holy Communion in that church. The wardens have presented the case to the Bishop of London, who has addressed a letter to the rector, rebuking him for his neglect. [From later news we learn that in obedience to the Bishop's monition, the Holy Communion was administered on Holy Innocents' Day, but with the forbidden accessories.] —The Chester Diocesan Court have, upon application, granted to the vicar of St. Philip's, Liverpool, a faculty for removing certain objectionable ornaments introduced by his predecessor into that church. —The oldest presbyter in the Scottish Episcopal Church, the Very Rev. John Torry, Dean of the United Dioceses of St. Andrew's, Dunkeld, and Dunblane, died on the 14th of December. He had reached the age of eighty-nine.—In Smyrna, the Bishop of Gibraltar, who was on his tour of visitation, was called upon by the chief rabbi, who expressed to him the gratitude of the Jews towards the colonists, members of the Church of

England, who had a few years before united with others in mitigating the sufferings of the Israelites.—The Church of St. Augustine, Stepney, situate in a densely-populated and poor district of the East End of London, was consecrated on Dec. 23d.—At a late meeting of the Sons of the Clergy Corporation, there were reported 100 grants to clergymen, mostly curates; while about 50 grants were made, in cases of urgent need, to widows and aged daughters of the clergy, and towards the education of the children of the clergy. The whole sum awarded amounted to £2,275. —The eleventh annual meeting of the Conference of Head Masters took place at Eton College on the 19th and 20th of December. There were present, besides a large number of head masters, some fifty or sixty assistants. The principal subject of discussion was Modern Languages. —On Sunday morning, Dec. 28th, the Right Rev. John Sutton Utterton, D.D., Suffragan Bishop of Guildford, died suddenly in Ryde, at the parish church of All Saints, under painful circumstances. The deceased Bishop had arranged to preach two sermons, in the morning and evening, in aid of a fund which had been started to complete All Saints' parish church, and to add a spire and a peal of bells to the edifice. He took part in the services, and preached an eloquent and very impressive sermon. At the conclusion of his discourse Dr. Utterton made an allusion to the many friends the church had lost by death, and urged all those present to show their gratitude for the many mercies vouchsafed to them, by giving according to their means. Having finished his sermon, he came down into the chancel, and read the Prayer for the Whole State of Christ's Church Militant, and was kneeling before the

Communion Table, while those who did not intend communicating left. Very few, however, had gone away when the Bishop was heard to cry out, and immediately fell forward on his face. The vicar, the Rev. A. Poole, called for help, and Dr. Barrow (ex-Mayor) and other gentlemen rushed forward and assisted to raise him. Everything was immediately done that could possibly be thought of to restore him from what was at first thought to be a fainting fit, but within five minutes he was dead. Mrs. Utterton was present at the time. The body of the Bishop was conveyed to the vicarage adjoining, and the church was closed for the rest of the day. The event is attributed to heart disease.—The Dean of Grahamstown having been suspended from his office by a diocesan court, refused to pay heed to the decision. Thereupon the Bishop issued a sentence of excommunication, which he followed up by a pastoral letter addressed “to the faithful laity in the city of Grahamstown.”—Under the Public Worship Act, the Rev. Mr. Enraght of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Bordsley, has been prosecuted for alleged ritualistic practices. The defendant not having appeared, he received an admonition, and was ordered to pay the cost. In the proceedings, a consecrated wafer was produced. On application being made, an order was issued for the return of the wafer. Much excitement and some correspondence followed. The Primate directed that however irregular the course of the rector may have been, yet the wafer having been used in the administration of the Holy Communion, it must now be reverently consumed, as the rubric directs.—The Federal Tribunal of Switzerland has granted certain inhabitants of the Canton of

Tessin exemption from the taxes imposed for the support of the Roman Catholic religion, on the ground that they no longer belong to that church. The Ultramontanes are indignant.—Bishop Herzog prosecuted a Swiss paper for slander. The court fined the author of the article 200f. and the editor 50f.

#### NOTES AND QUERIES.

A lady who had been listening to a conclusive argument on the subject of the Church, puts in the following query: “But if it be so clear, and the argument so strong and conclusive, why is it that there are so many able and learned men who take precisely an opposite view? I am so accustomed to venerate them for their wisdom on other subjects, what am I to think of their being in error in a matter so clear as this now appears to me?”

In reply, please consider this point: Suppose you were to take a position in direct opposition to the argument in question, and go over to the side of these wise and learned men who resist it. You would find yourself no better off then than you are now. The query would still be, If the argument against the Church is so powerful, how is it that so many able and wise men are Churchmen? Again: If the evidences of Christianity are so convincing, how comes it that among infidels are to be found scholars and philosophers and scientists? You may pursue the subject into every region of thought and argument. Every question has two sides, and on each side will be found learning and wisdom. There are opposing schools in philosophy, in art, in medicine, in science and theology, and each school has its able champion. Even nations go to war with each other at the cost of thousands of lives, each side be-



ing persuaded that it is right. The right or wrong of a thing for us, is not to be decided by the weight of great names.

The Roman Church would settle all religious questions by mere authority. But a person must first, by the exercise of his own reason and judgment, receive or reject that authority. The ultra-Protestant would decide such questions by his own private judgment; this makes self a pope. The Churchman decides them by private judgment *and* authority. The testimony of the Church is an authority, which *does* decide upon the genuineness of the Scriptures. For its testimony settles the *fact* of their having been recognized as the Scriptures at a time when alone this question was capable of being settled, and also as to the fact of the transmission of these, instead of some other Scriptures. That same authority bears witness to the fact of certain doctrines and customs having been held from the beginning. And doctrines, as well as acts, may be matters of fact.

In the parlor of our temporary residence hangs a very large, and apparently a very fine, painting, the subject of which was for a long time a complete puzzle. In the left-hand foreground is visible part of a boat, in which stands, at the extreme left, the full-length figure of a man with an oar, and a female who helps to support the almost naked form of an emaciated youth, who is being assisted to step from the boat by a venerable man in flowing robes, with the halo of a saint about his head. In the background at the right is the entrance to some building with figures ascending the steps. We have since discovered the title to be "The Hospitality of St. Julian; or the Ren-

dition of the Circassian Slave." Can any of your readers tell us the incidents to which the painting refers?

V. W.

The following lines were repeated by an eminent physician during his last sickness. *The Gospel Messenger* prints them in the hope that some reader will give the name of the author from whom they were quoted:

I lay me down to sleep  
With little thought or care  
Whether my waking find  
Me here—or there!

A bowing, burdened head,  
That only asks to rest,  
Unquestioningly, upon  
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets  
Its cunning now;  
To march the weary march  
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,  
Nor strong—all that is past:  
I am ready Nor To Do  
At last—at last!

My half day's work is done,  
And this is all my part—  
I give a patient God  
My patient heart;

And grasp His banner still,  
Though all its blue be dim;  
These stripes, no less than stars,  
Lead after Him.

Only a poor servant! *Only* a person whom a whole household is obliged to trust, more or less, with its comfort, order, property, respectability, peace, health—I was going to add, life; who in times of sickness or trouble, knows more of its secrets than the nearest acquaintance; who is aware of all its domestic weaknesses, faults, and vexations; to whom the 'skeleton' said to be in every house must necessarily be a thing guessed at, if not only too familiar; on whom master, mistress, children, or friend, must be daily dependent for numerous small comforts and attentions, scarcely known, perhaps, until they are missed. Only a poor servant! Why, no living creature has more opportunity of doing good or evil, and becoming to others either a blessing or a curse, than a 'poor servant!'—*Miss Mulock.*

## Editor's Book Table.

We have read with profound interest a sermon entitled "The Church's Mission of Reconciliation," preached before the Eastern Convocation of Massachusetts, by the Rev. John Cotton Smith, D.D., published by T. Whittaker. The preacher holds that in the present time of religious disquiet and antagonism, the Protestant Episcopal Church has a special mission of reconciliation. The highest ideal of the Church of the future is the organic unity of all Christian people; and while such a consummation may be far distant, it should be labored for. In the minds of some of the profoundest thinkers of this century the Anglican Church, on account of certain peculiar advantages which she possesses, is the agency by which it is to be accomplished. Under the head "How can men alienated from Christianity, be reconciled to the Church?" his remarks are most sensible and worthy of the attention of the clergy. "A more wise and just attitude toward scientific theories, which seem to militate against certain supposed truths of revelation, would do much toward reconciling men of science with the Christian faith." As to any plans for effecting an organic union among Christians, the relations to be cultivated towards the denominations around us are those—whatever they may be—which tend to bring about the result on the basis of the catholic creeds and primitive order. As to matters beyond the essentials of the faith, he pleads for a large and brotherly toleration.

Beneath all the conflicts of creeds and sects in Protestantism there is a yearning for unity, and the hand of Providence is clearly pointing in that direction. To aid in the bringing about of this result, there is needed,

not meaningless sentiment, or plat-form declamation, but essays that probe the subject, full of thought and suggestive. It is a long time, we think, since a contribution of so much value has been made to the cause, as this sermon of Dr. Smith's.

In *Appleton's Journal* for February the conclusion of that capital story 'A Stroke of Diplomacy,' from the French of Victor Cherbuliez, fulfils the promise of its first chapters. 'The Comedy Writers of the Restoration' is the title of an interesting historical essay, from the *Temple Bar*. 'Miracles, Law, and Prayer,' is a thoughtful, clear, and conclusive essay on the subject, showing that neither miracles nor answers to prayer involve a violation of the laws of nature. 'Life in Brittany,' from the *Cornhill Magazine*, and 'The Russian Gipsies,' from *Macmillan*, are highly interesting. 'Seamy Side,' by Walter Besant and James Rice, is continued. 'Teaching Grandmother' and 'Grandmother's Teaching' we thought good enough for our own readers, and have accordingly transferred it to the columns of *THE CHURCH MONTHLY*. Americans have a treat in store for them in the 'First Impressions of the New World,' by the Duke of Argyle, the first chapter of which is given in this number of *Appleton's*.

Cassell, Petter & Galpin's *Magazine of Art* for January is a pleasing number. The paper entitled 'Our Living Artists' is an interesting one on Marcus Stone; it contains engravings of two of his paintings—'Le Roi est Mort, Vive le Roi,' and 'Sacrifice,' one of his most beautiful works, besides his portrait. Two full-page illustrations are engravings from Rubens' 'Homage to Ceres' and 'Bath-

ers Alarmed,' by P. R. Morris, A.R.A. Another full-page illustration comprises a number of artistic designs for 'things of common use,' in the first of a series of chapters on 'Decorative Art,' which, by the way, the author, Mr. Lewis F. Day, defines as 'art controlled by common-sense.' 'Pictures in Trains' is the subject of a paper which is almost amusing; the author ventures—John Ruskin to the contrary notwithstanding—to take the original ground that railroads, and their connections generally, have in them much that is both picturesque and poetical. The various talents and eccentricities of the famous Belgian painter, Antoine Joseph Wiertz, is the subject of a sketch by E. Belford Bax. A short article on St. Mark's, Venice, is descriptive of its west front. W. W. Fenn, in his 'Favorite Sketching-grounds,' describes Clovelly,' of which Charles Dickens speaks in one of his Christmas stories, and from which the author makes many apt quotations. Mr. Henry Holiday contributes his sixth chapter on 'Wood-engraving.' There is also a chapter on 'Italian Monumental Sculpture,' by Stephen Thompson; and one on 'Artistic Iron Work,' by George Wallis, F.S.A.—both illustrated. The number closes with a resumé of the Dudley Gallery, entitled 'Pictures of the Year,' with several illustrations; one especially, by Geo. Clausen, called 'The Novel,' is remarkable for its simplicity.

The pages which constitute the Calendar proper of Mr. Whittaker's Almanac, have been neatly printed on handsome paper, and so bound as to be convenient for suspending in a vestry room or elsewhere; and as each month expires, the page may, by means of perforations, be detached. Price 10 cents.

The very cover of the February *Scribner's* is inviting, and as we cut the leaves, of course the illustrated articles claim our first attention. These are "A Wheel around the Hub," a lively paper by Charles E. Pratt, with excellent illustrations by A. C. Redwood, L. Hopkins, and others. "New England Fences" is also full of beautiful drawings. The frontispiece is an engraving from one of the 400 portraits of Peter the Great, and the first of Eugene Schuyler's comprehensive papers on that most interesting character and the events of his time, has also some very fine cuts. John Burroughs begins a very interesting series of "Notes by a Walker." Mr. Boyesen furnishes the short story, and links, as he is so fond of doing, the North countries with one of our own Western cities. The story contains an excellent character sketch, and is well worth reading. Perhaps the most prominent feature this month is the paper on "Edison's Electric Light," by his mathematician, Mr. Francis R. Upton, which Mr. Edison himself endorses as being the first correct and authoritative account ever published. Frances Hodgson Burnett begins a new story, "Louisiana," in which she introduces a heroine whom, like some of her previous ones, she aims not so much to have natural, as striking. The paper of the Rev. Edward Eggleston on the Present Phases of Sunday-school Work, shows that there are "phases" with which he is entirely unacquainted; but of that "phase" with which he seems to be familiar, his criticisms are no doubt just. We have looked over lessons of this description he censures, and some of them we wonder how any sensible pastor can tolerate. But in his contrast of the teaching of dogma with the moulding of charac-



ter, he talks as though the two were incompatible. And when in his eulogizing of Robert Raikes, he recommends that his example should be followed in teaching reading, writing, and arithmetic, he forgets that in the days of Raikes the children for whom Sunday-schools were instituted had no other means of learning these branches. But now when there are public schools in abundance, and children are compelled to attend them, to introduce secular instruction into the Sunday-school, must be to kill it. This number of Scribner also contains a biographical sketch of John Bright, with a portrait.

The *St. Nicholas* for February has for a frontispiece a fine engraving of Millais' painting 'The Princes in the Tower.' Perhaps the story by Mrs. Frances Hodgeson Burnett, 'Editha's Burglar,' has in it more freshness than any of the others. The temperance story by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps seems to stop too soon; there must have been more of it; it would be pleasing to know if the young man with the brown curls kept his good resolution. 'Saved from Siberia,' by A. A. Hayes, gives entertaining bits of travel, with some fiction. 'Hearing Without Ears,' by Aunt Fanny, is a description of the Audiphone and its use. Dog stories are usually interesting, and 'A Faithful Friend,' by John F. Sears, adds to the number. Child-songs, two beautiful poems by Alfred Tennyson, are called 'The City Child,' and 'Minnie and Winnie.' The first is set to music, so pretty and so easy, that many children will be able to 'pick it out' by themselves. There are four chapters of 'Among the Lakes,' and two of 'Jack and Jill.' For very young folks there is a nonsensical illustrated alphabet—the illustrations by L. Hopkins, and the

verses by Helen J. Ford. A beautiful little poem by Celia Thaxter is called 'The Hylas.' The rest of the number is made up of the useful and amusing, and the good illustrations for which *St. Nicholas* is well known.

*Harper's Magazine* for February opens with 'Bertram and his Garden,' a Quaker Sketch of the American Botanist, written and illustrated by Howard Pyle. A. A. Hayes jr., in his 'Grub-stakes and Millions,' takes the 'Colonel' and the 'Commodore' through Leadville and other mining districts of Colorado. The illustrations of this paper by Rogers, as well as those by Howard Pyle in 'Bertram and his Garden,' are especially good. 'A Symposium of Wood Engravers' is most interesting, containing reported conversations with A. V. S. Anthony, Cole, J. P. Davis, and several others, in reply to a recent book and magazine article by Linton. It is a foregone conclusion that of late there has been a marked advance in our book illustrations, and much of it is certainly due to the fact that 'the best wood-cuts are produced . . . in America.' There are two poems in this number. The longer one, by Bishop Coxe, entitled 'The Drop-Star,' is a legend of Lake Kayutah. The other is 'The Lover's Peril,' by James T. Fields. William Black's novel, 'White Wings,' and Blackmore's 'Mary Anerly,' are continued. Edward Everett Hale knows how to write an amusing story. Should any one discredit the fact, let him read 'Mr. Keesler's Horse-Car.' Another short story, 'A Night in an Avalanche,' is by S. H. M. Byers. Rev. B. F. De Costa's readable and humorous paper, 'Foreign Tips,' is illustrated by C. S. Reinhart. 'A Biographical Sketch of Hector Berlioz' is by Emily Royall. The Editor's

Easy Chair renders a graceful tribute to Oliver Wendell Holmes, apropos of his recent reception in Boston, and discusses, in a thoughtful essay, the reaction against Dickens due to that author's personal characteristics.

Among the many beautiful things of the holiday season, is a series of advertising cards issued by the Boston Underwriters—Weed & Kennedy managers of the Metropolitan District Office, 165 Broadway, New York. It consists of four sets of small, but exquisitely beautiful, French chromos on gold background. Each set contains twelve cards—one representing as many different nations; another flowers and fruits; the oth-

er two are miscellaneous. All are given in the form of little children, differently attired, in every variety of posture, and full of expression. The coloring is rich and delicate, and in the best style of that kind of art.

Thomas Whittaker has in press for early publication 'Thoughts on Great Mysteries,' from the writings of Frederick William Faber, edited by J. S. Purdy, D.D. As may be supposed, the book is of a highly devotional character, and seasonable for Lenten reading.

Several Book Notices which were in type, are, much to our regret, unavoidably crowded out this month.

#### HOLY DAYS IN FEBRUARY.

THE PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE, COMMONLY CALLED THE PURIFICATION OF ST. MARY THE VIRGIN, FEBRUARY 2D.

The destroying angel passed over Egypt, leaving in the house of every Egyptian the first-born dead, but sparing the homes of the Hebrews. In commemoration of that event, and perpetually to remind them of the mercy of God in sparing their first-born, this law was enacted: Every first-born male of man or beast was to be counted the Lord's. The clean beast thus set apart was to be offered a sacrifice. For the unclean some other offering was to be substituted. As for man, at first the first-born male was required to give himself to the service of God in the acts of religious worship. Afterwards, this duty being confined to the tribe of Levi, the first-born of other tribes were exempted from that service, but a sacrifice was offered as a substitute for its dedication to the sacred ministry. The value of the of-

fering was to be in proportion to the means of the parents. For the very poor a pair of turtle-doves or of young pigeons was prescribed. Joseph and Mary were too poor to make any other offering. This was made at the expiration of the forty days appointed by the law as the season of the purification of the mother.

Accordingly, we read that at that period Christ was brought to the temple at Jerusalem, and the usual sacrifice was made. The prophecy, uttered when the foundation of that temple was laid, "the glory of this latter house shall be greater than that of the former," and another prophecy, "the Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His temple," were now fulfilled; and the aged and devout Simeon and the prophetess Anna proclaimed the Infant of Nazareth to be the Messiah, the Son of God.

The Church has thought good to commemorate the occasion because of the lessons it suggests: the consecration to God of what He gives; the

fulfilling of all stated and appointed requirements, because they are by authority stated and appointed (for in Christ's case the purification and the presetation in the temple were unnecessary); the gratitude due to Almighty God for the gift of Him who was sent as "a light to lighten the Gentiles"; a due humility, suggested by the description of sacrifice offered by Joseph and Mary, indicating their poverty. These and other equally obvious lessons may be drawn from the services of the day.

The festival bears also the name of the Purification of St. Mary the Virgin. There is another festival with which her name is associated—the Annunciation—when the angel announced to Mary that she was to be the mother of our Lord. In both these it will be observed that the Virgin holds a subordinate position. In the latter the announcement was made to the Virgin that she was to be honored indeed, and to be called by all generations blessed; but the cause of this honor and blessedness was that she was to be the mother of One greater than herself. Through her the Son of God was to become incarnate.

#### ST. MATTHIAS—FEB. 24.

By the death of Judas the traitor there was a vacancy in the apostolic office. After the Ascension, but before the day of Pentecost, when the one hundred and twenty disciples were gathered together, at Peter's suggestion, they proceeded to choose one from among those which had companied with the disciples from the beginning, from the baptism of John to the Ascension, to be a witness of the resurrection. "And they appointed two, Joseph called Barsabas, who was surnamed Justus, and Matthias. And they prayed and said

Thou, Lord, which knowest the hearts of all men, shew whether of these two thou hast chosen. That he may take part of this ministry and apostleship, from which Judas by transgression fell, that he might go to his own place. And they gave forth their lots: and the lot fell upon Matthias; and he was numbered with the eleven apostles."

This transaction shows that it was the mind of the Apostles that the apostolic office should be continued even after one of the original apostles was taken away. It has been maintained by some that it was the design of our Lord that there should be twelve apostles, and twelve only, and consequently, when a vacancy occurred it was immediately filled, to make the number complete. The answer to this is that Paul also was an apostle, which would make the number thirteen. To meet this argument, some do not shrink from taking the position that the selecting of Matthias for the apostleship was unwarranted, and without the divine sanction; having been done before the descent of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost. That must be a weak cause which finds it necessary to invent such an argument. But even if this were so, Barnabas is called an apostle. So also are Sylvanus and Timotheus, and Andronicus and Junia, showing that even in the apostolic age this office was extended beyond the original number.

Although at that early stage it was important that the person chosen to fill the place of Judas should be a witness to the Lord's life, doctrines, and resurrection: yet this was not the sole office of the Apostles. They ordained to the ministry; they were chief rulers and governors of the Church, which they were most forward and active in planting and extending. As these duties did not



cease to be necessary after the apostolic age, so the office could not cease. It must be perpetuated "to the end of the world."

The field of the mission of St. Matthias, and the date and manner of his death, are not certainly known. Cappadocia and Chalchis are said to have been the scene of his labors. It is said that about A. D. 62, on his way towards Jerusalem, he was seized, and after having been stoned, was afterwards beheaded with a battle-axe.

ASH-WEDNESDAY—FEB. 11.

This day begins the solemn season of Lent, when the Church calls her children to the duties of retirement, fasting, and extraordinary acts of devotion. The services of the season commemorate the suffering life of our Lord, following Him through the

scene of His death and burial to the day of His resurrection. The observance of the Lenten fast goes back to the earliest days of the Church. Irenæus, who lived but ninety years after the death of St. John, speaks of it as having been observed in his day, and that of his predecessors. It does not seem to have been kept always, or in all places, for the space of forty days. At one time it was kept for the forty hours—during which our Lord was under the dominion of death—in entire abstinence from food. But the custom was at length fixed, of observing the fast with less rigor for forty days. There are abundant precedents for this number. Moses and Elijah fasted forty days; that space of time was allowed the Ninevites for repentance, and finally our Lord himself fasted forty days and nights.

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## Sunday School Lessons.

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**As recommended by the Members of the several Committees on "Uniform Sunday School Lessons," appointed by the Bishops of the Dioceses of New York, Long Island, New Jersey, Central New York, Ohio, and Southern Ohio, and by the Committees representing the Diocese of Massachusetts and the Sunday School Association of Philadelphia.**

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### SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.

#### He Stills the Tempest.

*Text to be Learned:* THOU RULEST THE RAGING OF THE SEA; THOU STILLEST THE WAVES THEREOF WHEN THEY ARISE. Psalm lxxxix. 10. (Prayer Book version.)

*THE LESSON*—St. Matt. viii. 23–27.

23. And when he was entered into a ship, his disciples followed him.

24. And behold, there arose a great tempest in the sea, insomuch that the ship was covered with the waves: but he was asleep.

25. And his disciples came to him, and awoke him, saying, Lord save us: we perish.

26. And he saith unto them, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Then he arose, and rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm.

27. But the men marvelled, saying, What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him!

The river Jordan, passing through the midst of the Sea of Galilee, creates a strong current. When the southeast wind, sweeping down from the mountains, opposes this current, a boisterous sea is often suddenly raised, which the small vessels com-

monly used in that country, are hardly able to resist. Such a tempest overtook the boat in which our Lord and His disciples were embarked. We can hardly conceive of a more expressive figure of the Church, tempest-tossed in the world, and in ap-

parent danger of destruction. The faith of the most steadfast is put to the test, for although the Church is the special object of His care and love, yet He seems at times as indifferent to its fate as though He were asleep. And the Church ever, in her hour of peril, puts up the prayer "Lord, save us; we perish!" But though asleep, and suffering the waves of a wicked world to rage and threaten destruction, He is not unaware of the storm or unconscious of the threatening danger. The ark of the Church cannot perish. He rebukes the timid: "Why are ye fearful, oh ye of little faith?" He thenof "Being" this person could be.

turns and rebukes the sea. A commentator suggests that this miracle may be regarded as prophetic, and the great calm which followed the storm foreshadows that "sea of glass like unto crystal," reserved for the Church after she shall have passed through "the waves of this troublesome world." "The men marvelled," as well they might. But here, something of the force of the original is lost. "What manner of man is this?" our version reads. But in the original the word *man* is omitted. This miracle so filled them with amazement that they wondered what kind

#### QUESTIONS.

1. On what sea did the tempest here mentioned occur? On the Sea of Galilee; also called the Sea of Tiberias, the Sea of Chinnereth, and the Lake of Gennesaret.

2. What happened when our Lord and His Disciples were on the ship? There arose a great tempest in the sea, insomuch that the ship was covered with the waves.

3. How are we to understand the words "the ship was covered with the waves"? The waves broke over the ship.

4. Where was our Lord all this time? "In the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow" (Mark iv. 38).

5. What did the Disciples do? They came to Him, saying "Lord, save us; we perish."

6. What did He reply? "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?"

7. What was meant by this? That the Disciples, knowing that their Master was on board, ought to have believed that all would be safe where He was.

8. What did He then do? "He rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm."

9. What was the effect of this miracle upon the minds of those who witnessed it? Verse 27.

10. How could the words of our Lord have such power over the wind and the waves? Because He was the Creator of both (see St. John i. 3).

#### ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

11. Of what may the ship containing Christ and His Disciples be regarded as a figure? Of the Church.

12. What does the tempest represent? The dangers which threaten the Church in the world.

13. What do we learn from Jesus being asleep? That He is still with the Church, and the Church is safe with Him, even though He tries our faith by appearing to be for awhile indifferent.

14. What are we to learn from His rebuking the wind and the sea, and

from the calm which follows? That it is He "who stilleth the raging of the sea, and the noise of the waves, and the madness of the people" (Psalm lxx. 7).

### THE COLLECT.

O Lord God, who seest that we put not our trust in any thing that we do ; mercifully grant that by Thy power we may be defended against all adversity; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

### THE CATECHISM.

*Question.*—What dost thou chiefly learn by these Commandments?

*Answer.*—I learn two things : my duty towards God, and my duty towards my Neighbor.

*Question.*—What is thy duty towards God?

*Answer.*—My duty towards God, is to believe in Him, to fear Him, and to love Him with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, and with all my strength ; to worship Him, to give Him thanks, to put my whole trust in Him, to call upon Him, to honor His holy Name and His Word, and to serve Him truly all the days of my life.

## QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

### He Shows what Charity is.

*Text to be Learned :* AND NOW ABIDETH FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY, THESE THREE : BUT THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY. 1 Cor. xiii. 13.

### THE LESSON—St. Luke x. 25-37.

25. And behold, a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?

26. He said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou?

27. And he answering, said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself.

28. And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live.

29. But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbor?

30. And Jesus answering, said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

31. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

32. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

33. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him,

34. And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

35. And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him: and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.

36. Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?

37. And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.

This lawyer, as we learn from St. Mark, was a scribe. Although it is said that he "tempted" Jesus, yet this does not necessarily imply anything more than a putting Him to the test to know what reply He would give to the important question about to be asked. The answer is most appropriate. The inquirer, as a lawyer, surely ought to know what to do to inherit eternal life. "What is written in the law? How readest thou?"

The lawyer, in reply, instead of quoting the ceremonial law, or even the Ten Commandments, at once gives that which embodies all a man's duty—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." Our Lord commends the answer as wise, but adds, now put this in practice, "this *do*, and thou shalt live." The scribe would



justify himself on this point, and claim that he did love his neighbor as himself. But the question is, who is my neighbor? The Jew at that time did not regard any out of his own nation, especially any Samaritan, as his neighbor.

In answer to the inquiry, our Lord narrates a parable, in which He brings out the very point He had sought to impress upon the mind of the lawyer—that to know the law was one thing, but in order to attain eternal life, one must more than know he must do it.

A certain man journeys over a road which is noted as being infested with robbers. He is waylaid, stripped, beaten, and left half dead. None ought to know their duty, as prescribed by the law, better than the Priests and the Levites, two of whom pass over the same road. Yet even they who could teach others “thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,” when they come upon a man in extreme distress, and needing compas-

sion, extend him no sympathy. The Priest saw him, but did not even stop. He passed by on the other side. The Levite saw him and stopped—“came and looked on him.” But he did nothing more; he also passed by on the other side. Then came a Samaritan, whom the Jew despised as the follower of a corrupted religion, and who of course could not be presumed to know what to do to inherit eternal life. But he at once stops, ministers to and cares for the sufferer, bears him to an inn, and obligates himself to pay his charges. Having related this parable, Jesus leaves it to the lawyer himself to reply to his own question “who is my neighbor?” He asks him which one of the three he regards as neighbor to the sufferer. There was but one answer to be given—“He that showed mercy on him.” The Lord then sends home the lesson, which is, not merely “embrace this as a doctrine,” but “go and *do* thou likewise.”

#### QUESTIONS.

1. What is the meaning of the word “tempted”? Tried; put to the test.
2. Does it imply that the lawyer wished to entrap or injure Jesus? No for it sometimes means putting to the test for a good purpose.
3. Give an example. Gen. xxii. 1: “God did tempt Abraham.”
4. Give an example of tempting with an evil purpose. John viii. 6: “This they” [the Scribes and Pharisees] “said, tempting Him, that they might have to accuse Him.”
5. What are we taught to pray? “Lead us not into temptation.”
6. Does God ever tempt persons to do evil? No. James i. 13: “Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God: for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth He any man.”
7. What does our Lord elsewhere say of the love of God with all the heart, and the love of our neighbors as ourselves? “On these two Commandments hang all the law and the prophets.”
8. What is the nature of the road between Jerusalem and Jericho? It is lonely and rocky, and was once so infested with robbers that the Romans established a fort there.
9. What was the distinction between a Priest and a Levite? Both were of the tribe of Levi, but the priest bore a higher office in the ministry.
10. What made the conduct of the Priest and the Levite on this occasion most blameworthy? Being in the ministry, they ought to have known what the law of love to their neighbor required.

11. How did the Samaritan prove himself to be a neighbor to the Jew who was robbed and beaten? Because "the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans," and yet the Samaritan disregarded the custom, and pitied and helped one who would not have treated him with civility.

12. How, then, are we to prove ourselves neighbors to any persons? By showing them kindness, even though they are not our friends.

#### ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

13. Who were the Samaritans? See Lesson for First Sunday after Epiphany.

14. What dost thou chiefly learn by the Ten Commandments? My duty toward God, and my duty toward my neighbor.

15. In what sense does "all the law" hang upon our duty to God and our duty to our neighbor? He who loves God with all his heart, will not break any of the first four Commandments; and he who loves his neighbor as himself, will not break any of the remaining six.

#### THE COLLECT.

O Lord, who hast taught us that all our doings without charity are nothing worth; send Thy Holy Ghost, and pour into our hearts that most excellent gift of charity, the very bond of peace and of all virtues, without which whosoever liveth is counted dead before Thee. Grant this for Thine only Son Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

#### THE CATECHISM.

*Question.*—What is thy duty towards thy Neighbor?

*Answer.*—My duty towards my Neighbor, is to love him as myself, and to do to all men, as I would they should do unto me: To love, honor, and succor my father and mother: To honor and obey the civil authority: To submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors and masters: To order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters.

### FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

#### His Betrayer.

*Text to be Learned:* TRY ME, O GOD, AND SEEK THE GROUND OF MY HEART; PROVE ME, AND EXAMINE MY THOUGHTS. LOOK WELL IF THERE BE ANY WAY OF WICKEDNESS IN ME; AND LEAD ME IN THE WAY EVERLASTING. Psalm cxxxix. 23, 24. (Prayer Book version.)

#### THE LESSON—St. Matt. xxvi. 14-25.

14. Then one of the twelve, called Judas Iscariot, went unto the chief priests,

15. And said unto them, What will ye give me, and I will deliver him unto you? And they covenanted with him for thirty pieces of silver.

16. And from that time he sought opportunity to betray him.

17. Now the first day of the feast of unleavened bread, the disciples came to Jesus, saying unto him, Where wilt thou that we prepare for thee to eat the passover?

18. And he said, Go into the city to such a man, and say unto him, The Master saith, My time is at hand; I will keep the passover at thy house with my disciples.

19. And the disciples did as Jesus had appointed them; and they made ready the passover.

20. Now when the even was come, he sat down with the twelve.

21. And as they did eat, he said, Verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me.

22. And they were exceeding sorrowful, and began every one of them to say unto him, Lord, is it I?

23. And he answered and said, He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me.

24. The Son of man goeth, as it is written of him: but woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed: it had been good for that man, if he had not been born.

25. Then Judas, which betrayed him, answered, and said, Master, is it I? He said unto him, Thou hath said.

For three years had Judas accompanied our Lord, witnessing His miracles, listening to His teachings, and sharing His poverty. Probably entertaining the common opinion that the Messiah, when He came, was to be a king after the manner of earthly rulers, Judas, with the motive of promoting his own welfare and being an officer in this new kingdom, joined himself to the band of disciples. Whatever spiritual lessons he heard from the Master seem to have been powerless to work in him conviction and repentance. Despairing at length of seeing his purpose realized, and seeing the danger by which Jesus was surrounded, he resolves to do the best for himself that he can—betray his Master into the hands of his enemies, and obtain a reward for doing so. The price agreed upon was thirty pieces of silver, the market price of a common slave; and thenceforward the traitor waited his opportunity.

The time for celebrating the Passover drew near, and the disciples began their preparations, asking their Master for directions. He bade them "go into the city to such a man," a form of expression which the Greeks used when they would designate some person so well known that there was no need to mention his name. In St. Luke it reads "There shall a man meet you bearing a pitcher of water." The person might have been well known to them, but the circumstance of their meeting him precisely as the Lord had indicated, implied His foreknowledge of even the most

trifling contingencies. The Jews were accustomed, at the time of this feast, to open their houses without charge to those who came to the city to keep the Passover, and to provide a room for those desiring it.

The preparations having been made, the Lord announced to His disciples that one of them should betray Him. It was the custom in the East, when the food prepared was any liquid substance, that after having broken their bread into small pieces, they dipped their hands and morsels together in it. Jesus stated in reply to a question, that one of those who dipped his hand in the dish should betray Him, thus fulfilling the prophecy, Ps. xli. 9: "Yea, Mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, which did eat of my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me." St. John adds that Jesus gave His own sop to Judas.

When a wicked person does a wicked act, his punishment is none the less, even if God overrules that act for a good purpose. Thus Judas betrayed, and the rulers crucified, the Lord of Glory. They did so of their own free will, and from evil motives, and therefore subjected themselves to all the fearful consequences. But God made even their wickedness an instrument for His glory. Our Lord said of Judas "The Son of Man goeth as it is written of Him"; i. e., what prophecy has foretold concerning the Christ, shall be fulfilled. "But woe unto that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed! It had been good for that man if he had not been born."

#### QUESTIONS.

1. How long had Judas and the other Disciples followed our Lord? About three years.
2. What had been their privileges during that time? They had heard His teachings, seen His miracles, and enjoyed the benefit of His example.
3. But did not our Lord all the while know what was the character of



Judas? Yes, for He said to His Disciples "Have I not chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?"

4. What may we learn from this? That while the means of grace in the Church are designed to make men holy, yet they do not compel them to be so against their wills.

5. Was not Judas one of those Disciples who received power to work miracles? He was. St. Matthew x. 1: "And when He had called unto Him his Twelve Disciples, He gave them power against unclean spirits to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness, and all manner of disease."

6. What are we to infer from this? That the possession of great gifts, or of office and authority in the Church, will not be taken as a substitute for holiness of heart and life.

7. What was the law about unleavened bread at the Passover? Gen. xii. 15: "Seven days shall ye eat unleavened bread; even the first day ye shall put away leaven out of your houses."

8. Read the account of the manner of the finding of the guest-chamber, as given by St. Mark xiv. 12-16.

9. What prophecy was fulfilled when Judas dipped his hand in the dish with Jesus? Psalm xl. 9.

10. What is meant by the words "the Son of Man goeth as it is written of Him"? That the prophecies which had been written concerning Christ, should be fulfilled.

#### *ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.*

11. If God makes use of men's wickedness to accomplish His purpose, does that excuse their wickedness? No, for Judas was condemned and punished, though his wickedness was instrumental in bringing about the sacrifice of Christ for the redemption of the world.

12. What is the meaning of the words "He sat down with the Twelve"? That they assumed the posture which was usual at their meals—that is, they reclined upon couches.

13. What was the manner of eating the Passover, as prescribed by the law? Gen. xii. 11: "And thus shall ye eat it, with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand; and ye shall eat it in haste."

14. How long was it the custom to eat the Passover in this manner? 'Until the Hebrews arrived in the Holy Land.

15. Why did the Jewish Church then make a change in the manner of eating the Passover? Because the first custom was a ceremony indicating that they were about to journey to Canaan. When they reached that country, the ceremony was changed to indicate rest.

16. In what posture did the Disciples first receive the Holy Communion? After the manner of their ordinary meals.

17. How does the Church direct the same to be received now? Kneeling.

18. How do we know that the Jewish Church had the right to change an appointed ceremony? Because our Lord conformed to the custom; which He would not have done had it been wrong.

#### *THE COLLECT.*

O Lord, who for our sake didst fast forty days and forty nights; Give us grace to use such abstinence, that, our flesh being subduded to the Spirit,

we may ever obey Thy godly motions in righteousness, and true holiness, to Thy honor and glory, who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

### THE CATECHISM.

To hurt nobody by word or deed : To be true and just in all my dealings : To bear no malice nor hatred in my heart : To keep my hands from picking and stealing, and my tongue from evil speaking, lying, and slandering : To keep my body in temperance, soberness, and chastity : Not to covet nor desire other men's goods ; but to learn and labor truly to get mine own living, and to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me.

## SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

### His Agony in the Garden.

*The text to be Learned :* AND THE LORD HATH LAID ON HIM THE INIQUITIES OF US ALL. Isalah liii. 6.

### THE LESSON—St. Luke xxii. 39–46.

39. And he came out, and went, as he was wont, to the mount of Olives ; and his disciples also followed him.

40. And when he was at the place, he said unto them, Pray that ye enter not into temptation.

41. And he was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and kneeled down, and prayed,

42. Saying, Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me : nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done.

43. And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him.

44. And being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly : and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.

45. And when he rose up from prayer, and was come to his disciples, he found them sleeping for sorrow,

46. And said unto them, Why sleep ye ? rise and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.

Our Lord went to the Mount of Olives, whither He was accustomed to retire with His disciples. He now accompanied them to a place at the ascent, called Gethsemane, "where was a garden, into which He entered with His disciples."—John xviii. 1. Here, taking with Him Peter and James and John, He withdrew Himself from the others. It was probably to the three that He said "Pray that ye enter not into temptation," thus preparing them for the trial which they were about to undergo. Foreseeing all that was before Him, and even now bearing upon His soul the burden of a world's transgressions, He shrank, as any human being would do, from the agony, and in the prayer "If Thou be willing," "not My will, but Thine, be done," gave proof that He, as man, possessed a will distinct from, though not in opposition to, that of the Fa-

ther. Angels encamp around and minister to the just. He who created the angels had no need of their succor ; but when He became as one of us, He received their ministrations as do any of those who share our nature.

The sufferings of Jesus were not for His own sins ; His tears were not tears of repentance ; and His agony was not the grief of remorse. But if He was smitten, wounded, and afflicted, it must have been for others' sake. "Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows ; yet we did esteem Him stricken and afflicted. But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities ; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him ; and with His stripes we are healed." "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."—Isa. liii. 4, 5, 6. That sweat of great drops of blood was evidence of the most intense mental agony. The



ground that was cursed for the sin of the first Adam, yielding its fruit only in the sweat of his brow, is now watered with bloody sweat from the whole person of the Second Adam, who came to redeem it from the curse of the first.

While He was thus suffering, His disciples, whom He had chosen to accompany Him, and whom He charged to pray against temptation, were

overcome with sleep. And yet it was not a sleep of total indifference. His discourses at the Supper, as recorded by St. John, had saddened them, and their very sorrow had so worn upon them that they were overcome with drowsiness. The Lord awakens them and reminds them of the charge He had already given them: "Why sleep ye? rise and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

### QUESTIONS.

1. Where was the Mount of Olives? About one mile east from Jerusalem.
2. It is said "when He was at the place." What place is here meant? Gethsemane.
3. What was Gethsemane? A garden.
4. When our Lord was withdrawn from the Disciples "about a stone's cast," whom did He take with Him? Peter and James and John (Matt. xxvi. 36).
5. What did He say to them? Pray that ye enter not into temptation.
6. To what did this probably refer? Satan was about to tempt them to desert their Master. They were to pray for deliverance from this trial.
7. What are we to learn from the prayer which Jesus offered at this time? That whenever we pray, we are to submit all to God's will.
8. When He rose up from prayer, how did He find the Disciples? "Sleeping for sorrow."
9. What did He say to them? "Why sleep ye? Rise and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."
10. Do angels strengthen the righteous in their prayers? Yes, for they are all "ministering spirits sent forth to minister unto them which shall be heirs of salvation."

### ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

11. What was the meaning of His prayer that this cup might pass from Him, and that not His will, but His Father's, might be done? As a man, He shrank from the agony, but He would not oppose His Father's will. He prayed that that might be done, in preference to His own.
12. What are we to learn from His sweating great drops of blood? That His agony was greater than any human being ever endured.
13. But if Christ never sinned, why was He made to suffer so severely? He was punished in our stead. "He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities."

### THE COLLECT.

Almighty God, who seest that we have no power of ourselves to help ourselves; keep us both outwardly in our bodies, and inwardly in our souls; that we may be defended from all adversities which may happen to the body, and from all evil thoughts which may assault and hurt the soul; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

### THE CATECHISM.

Review the last three Lessons.



## THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

## He is made Prisoner.

*Text to be Learned:* FOR IT BECAME HIM FOR WHOM ARE ALL THINGS, AND BY WHOM ARE ALL THINGS, IN BRINGING MANY SONS UNTO GLORY, TO MAKE THE CAPTAIN OF THEIR SALVATION PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERINGS. Heb. ii. 10.

## THE LESSON—St. Matthew xxvi. 47-57.

47. And while he yet spake, lo, Judas, one of the twelve came, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves from the chief priests and elders of the people.

48. Now he that betrayed him, gave them a sign, saying, Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is he; hold him fast.

49. And forthwith he came to Jesus, and said, Hail, Master; and kissed him.

50. And Jesus said unto him, Friend, wherefore art thou come? Then came they, and laid hands on Jesus, and took him.

51. And behold, one of them which were with Jesus, stretched out his hand, and drew his sword, and struck a servant of the high priest, and smote off his ear.

52. Then said Jesus unto him, Put up again thy sword into his place: for all they that take the sword, shall perish with the sword.

53. Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels?

54. But how then shall the Scriptures be fulfilled, that thus it must be?

55. In that same hour said Jesus to the multitudes, Are ye come out as against a thief with swords and staves for to take me? I sat daily with you teaching in the temple, and ye laid no hold on me.

56. But all this was done, that the Scriptures of the prophets might be fulfilled. Then all the disciples forsook him, and fled.

57. And they that had laid hold on Jesus, led him away to Calaphas the high priest, where the scribes and the elders were assembled.

The agony in the garden was over, and our Lord now prepared to enter upon the next stage of His sufferings in our behalf. Judas, in accordance with the bargain he made with the chief priests and elders of the people, came, in company with an armed band, to the place of the Saviour's retirement. It was a custom among the Jews, as a token of regard, to salute each other with a kiss. Judas, forgetting that his Master could read the hearts of men, comes to Him with this hypocritical salutation, saying "Hail, Master!" But the Lord immediately replying "Friend, wherefore art thou come?" showed that He knew the purpose which had sent him. The officers thereupon arrested the Saviour. But Peter, foremost in his zeal, and always loud in his boast of attachment, now gave proof of his ardor, by rushing forward in the face of the armed multitude, and striking off the ear of Malchus, one of the high priest's servants. But at once the impetuous disciple was made to understand that the cause of the Messiah was not to be maintained by

carnal weapons. If it was a question of mere physical force, "this great multitude with sword and staves" could overpower them. "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword," was a familiar proverb which the disciples well understood, as implying that whoever attacked with the sword must take the hazard of being slain by it. But if force was necessary in order to extricate them from their present peril, twelve legions of angels were at His command. But it was appointed that the trial before them must be endured and the Scriptures must be fulfilled. On the other hand, that Jesus was not one whom it required swords and staves and a great multitude to overcome, was evident from the fact that unarmed, in the face of all the rulers and powers of the nation He had taught in the temple. Why did they not arrest Him then, instead of assembling a multitude to their aid and searching Him out when He and a few disciples were alone together? It was a question they could not answer. They did not know that thus,

while instigated by Satan, they were actually sealing the truth of their own Scriptures, and by fulfilling prophecy, giving proof that the man whom they were about to drag away to trial was indeed the Messiah. And now, to add to the griefs which Jesus as a man

must endure, His own trusted disciples forsook him and fled. But this, too, was a fulfilment of prophecy. He Himself had said "Ye shall be scattered, every man to his own, and shall leave Me alone."

### QUESTIONS.

1. Where was Jesus when Judas and his company came upon Him? In the garden of Gethsemane.
2. How were the officers who came to arrest Him to know Him from other persons? Judas had given them a sign: "Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is He."
3. When the traitor had thus pointed out the Person to be arrested, what did our Lord say? "Friend, wherefore art thou come?"
4. When the officers laid hands on Jesus, and took Him, what did one of the Disciples do? Verse 51.
5. Who was this Disciple? Peter (John xviii. 10).
6. What did the Lord say to him? Verses 52-54.
7. What did this mean? That they who use force must expect force to be used against themselves; that He could have the help of the angels if He desired, but to use such help would be to defeat prophecy.
8. What did He say to the multitude? Verse 55.
9. What did the Disciples then do? They all forsook Him, and fled.

### ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

10. The Lord said "Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to My Father, and He shall presently give Me more than twelve legions of angels?" As an example of the heavenly protection which surrounds eminent servants of the Lord, read 2 Kings vi. 8-17.
11. What is the meaning of the saying frequently used in the New Testament, that things were done that the Scriptures might be fulfilled? When the events happened, the Scriptures were fulfilled.

### THE COLLECT.

We beseech Thee, Almighty God, look upon the hearty desires of Thy humble servants, and stretch forth the right hand of Thy Majesty, to be our defence against all our enemies; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

### THE CATECHISM.

*Catechist.*—My good child, know this: that thou art not able to do these things of thyself, nor to walk in the Commandments of God, and to serve Him, without His special grace; which thou must learn at all times to call for by diligent prayer. Let me hear, therefore, if thou canst say the Lord's Prayer.

*Answer.*—Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. Amen.

*Question.*—What desirest thou of God in this Prayer?

*Answer.*—I desire my Lord God, our heavenly Father, who is the giver of all goodness, to send His grace unto me, and to all people; that we may worship Him, serve Him, and obey Him, as we ought to do.